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Cambria Freeman.

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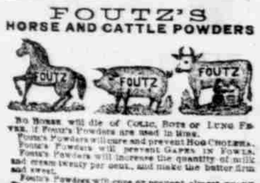

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WALTER GRAY'S WILL.

It's hard to confess it, particularly hard for a woman, but I am obliged to admit that I am no longer as young as I once was. Twenty-five years ago I was a widow, as I am to-day, but then I was thirty-five, and to-day I am sixty. Then I was attractive—to-day I don't know what I am.

When James—that was my husband's name—died, he left me unprovided for, and as I had a home full of good furniture, and a lease on a house in a good position, I was advised by my friends to let my rooms.

I had little trouble in letting all my rooms, except the second floor front, the best in the house, and for this the applicants all said that I asked too much. However, I would not come down, and so two months passed with my best apartment empty.

One day the chambermaid, whose duty it was to attend to the street-door, told me that there was a gentleman in the parlor who wanted to see the second floor front, and in answer to my question brought forth by her contemptuous way of using the word "man," when in all other cases it was "gentleman," she said:

"He's a rough-lookin' person, ma'am, kinder country-lookin', and not so very young, nayther, though, mebbe, he may be shigle."

I went to the parlor to find a man of about fifty, of not attractive face, which showed exposure, rough hands, exhibiting labor, and of very careless dress, though everything he had on denoted that he was not poor.

I did not care for the man as a second floor front; and when he asked to see it, I met him with the price, putting on three dollars a week more.

This did not seem to disturb him, and so I could do nothing else than show it.

When I did, he merely walked in, stalked over to one of the windows, and gazing out of it for a few moments, turned to me and said:

"I'll take it, ma'am; and here's a month's rent in advance."

In the afternoon the expressman left two large trunks, and then I knew that my lodger's name was Ralph Brown.

That evening he followed his trunks, and I sent Norah up to see if he wanted anything or would have a cup of tea.

She was gone ten minutes, when she returned smiling, and said:

"Shure, misthress, Misther Brown's a purtick gintleman. He didn't want a thing in the wurreld, but some hot wather ivery mornin' at eight o'clock, an' d'ye see now what he gave me, an' says I shall have it every month rigilar;" and Norah displayed a five-dollar bill.

Oh, oh! thought I, is that the way the cat jumps? If so, I'm too independent to take advantage of it, and then I asked Norah what Mr. Brown was doing, thinking, of course, she would say he was unpacking his trunks.

"Shure nothin', ma'am, but lookin' out at the windy."

Looking out of the window was all Mr. Brown did when he took the rooms, and that's what I found him doing the next morning, when I went to his room to ask him if there was anything I could do to add to his comfort, and that's all Norah found him doing when she entered his room to attend to her duties therein, after this.

Mr. Brown was coldly polite when I called on him. He wanted nothing, he said, and, Norah declared, asked no questions, not even my name, but only looked out of the window.

Could the man be developing a peculiar feature of insanity?

I remembered to have read years before, a case where a patient had, for forty years, stood in one particular corner, and was only violent and dangerous when he was removed from it, and I thought to myself that perhaps Mr. Brown's mania might come under that head.

By-and-by it began to disturb me very much. I was only a type of my sex, and it had become a matter of personal curiosity with me.

I went out frequently when I knew he was in the house, so that I could go to the corner, cross the way, and look up at the window, and there I always saw him half concealed behind the curtain.

Sometimes I could hear him run quickly down the stairs, and rushing rapidly into the street, walk away, up or down, as the humor seemed to take him.

At last an idea struck me. He was a detective, and was watching one of the houses opposite, and with that idea for a clue, I became still more vigilant, and with Norah's help, came to the conclusion that his attention was riveted on a small house almost opposite, on the side of the door of which was a sign, with the name of "Cavendish, Dressmaker," on it.

Then I called in Norah's help again, who very soon discovered that "Cavendish, Dressmaker," meant an elderly lady, and her daughter of nineteen, who to all appearance, had seen better days, but had plied that vocation in the same locality for two years, during which time the old lady had been a confirmed invalid and rarely left the house, while they had no company except one young man, who was suspected to be Miss Miriam Cavendish's intended.

So far, so good; and now what connection was there between the Cavendishes and my lodger? That I was determined to find out, though some people would say it was none of my business; but I say it was as long as he was my lodger.

The first step in the matter was to become acquainted with the Cavendishes. I walked in upon them one morning, introduced myself, and told them I wanted a dress made.

I was deceived by both—the mother, a pale, high-bred, gentle-spoken woman; the daughter, a beautiful, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl.

I never met with a sweeter creature in my life than Miriam Cavendish. I loved that girl from the first moment I saw her, and I made every excuse while they were working for me to run over and gossip with them, and I used to take them over little tid-bits, and if I had nothing else to take, a jar of preserves or pickles, some particularly fine tea, or a bottle of wine for the old lady, for it did not take long for me to find out that they were very poor, and that such little delicacies were almost strangers to them.

By-and-by the Cavendishes and I became well acquainted, and I used to talk to them all about my lodgers, and especially about my second floor front.

It was clear to me at once that they knew nothing about him.

This puzzled me still more, because every day convinced me that it was Miriam Cavendish he was watching, and I now knew why it was he hurried out of the house so strangely at times.

It was because in his watching he had seen Miriam come out of her house, and he followed her, coming back when she did, but never, I was sure, joining her or speaking to her.

Miriam sometimes went to evening church, and one night I invited myself to go with her, satisfied that Mr. Brown followed her, and I found that I was right.

He came in immediately after us, and seated himself in such a way that he could look directly in her face without seeming to be rude, and during the entire service he seemed so absorbed in gazing at her that he apparently knew nothing else.

After the service I said quietly to Miriam as we rose:

"Don't look now, dear, but presently glance over to your right, and that man in a gray suit is my second-floor front."

She said laughingly:

"He'll never have to pay a tax on his beauty, Mrs. Fisher, will he? I think he's about the ugliest man I ever saw."

It was plain that she did not know him.

The next day I met Mr. Brown in the hall, by his own intention, I am sure.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Fisher," he said. "I met you at church last night. That was a remarkably pretty girl you had with you."

I answered, "Yes, and as good as she was pretty," and then, seeing that he was inclined for a gossip, I invited him into the parlor.

I told him all I knew of Miriam, which really was not much, but what seemed to trouble him the most was that Miriam was engaged to be married to Charles McIntyre, the young man whom, no doubt, Mr. Brown had frequently seen calling there, and they were only waiting for McIntyre's promotion—he was a clerk in the post office—to bring it about.

One thing I did not forget to let him know, and that was that the Cavendishes were very poor.

After this, but on the other side of the street, there was commotion. The first was caused by the arrival of a beautiful bouquet, with only a card inscribed "From a friend." Then came a basket of costly fruit the same way, without any chance of questioning the messenger.

To be short, almost daily came something, even to a cartload of groceries, and all untraceable, and so sent that they could not send them away, without absolutely throwing them into the street.

The Cavendishes could not imagine the source, and were terribly amazed. I did know, but did not tell, and laughed away their doubts and fears, until the old lady looked upon them as gifts from heaven, and accepted blindly, while I wondered as much as ever.

Could Brown be in love with Miriam and afraid to declare it? Absurd! he was old, ugly, queer, and, I found out, partially deformed; and, stranger still, when I offered to take him over to Mrs. Cavendish's, and introduce him, he peremptorily declined.

And now comes the strangest part of all, and the end.

One morning, I was startled by the screams of Norah, and I rushed up to Mr. Brown's room to find him stretched senseless on the floor, just under the window, where he had, doubtless, fallen while looking out.

We got him on the bed, and Norah ran for Dr. King, who pronounced it apoplexy, and said that he might recover for a while, but the attack was fatal.

He did recover consciousness and speech in a few hours, and bade me send a message for a certain lawyer. When the lawyer came, he and Dr. King were closeted with Mr. Brown for several hours, and then I and one of my lodgers were called in to witness a will.

For three days Mr. Brown lingered, and I must say that Norah and I did our duty by him, as well as the doctor, and saw the poor fellow, who the lawyer said had neither friends nor relations in the whole world, quietly laid to rest.

He requested us all that we have his will read immediately after his funeral, and that Miss Miriam Cavendish be present at the reading.

I was not surprised at all this; and yet, at the same time, when, the day before, I had whisperingly asked him if he would like to see Miriam, that if so I would bring her over, he had shaken his head in a frightened manner, and had turned his face to the wall.

The will was read, and after enumerating his property, which footed up to nearly a million, everything was left to Miriam Cavendish, with the proviso that she was never to marry, and if she refused it upon these terms, the search was to be made for Ellen Moore, of ——— county, New Hampshire—and the whole given to her or her heirs. Failing this, he gave it to hospitals and various charities, which he named. The concluding part of the will read:

"In leaving my property to Ellen Moore, I leave it with my forgiveness for the cruel way that she treated me over thirty years ago, a way that drove me from my native land and made my life a wreck, and for further explanation, I refer her, if living, to my letter accompanying this will."

"I shall refuse this bequest," said Miriam. "I am engaged to be married, and I would not break it for all the wealth of the world."

"And I," said old Mrs. Cavendish, who had come over with her daughter, "claim it as Ellen Moore, of the town of ———, ——— county, New Hampshire, though I never knew any one by the name of Ralph Brown."

"The will is made and signed by Walter Gray," said the lawyer quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the old lady, excitedly. "I thought he was dead long ago."

"I forgot, mamma, that your name was once Moore," said Miriam.

Then Mr. Brown's letter was read.

It was long, but the short of it was that he told how, when he was eighteen, he had fallen in love with Ellen Moore, and being rejected, he had left home, changed his name, and had ever since been a wanderer on the face of the earth.

He had become rich in California, and was on his way back to his native town, when, one day, walking through the city, he had seen Miriam, who so startled him by her likeness to his early love, Ellen Moore, that he followed her, found out where she lived, and from that moment his infatuation was uncontrollable, though he felt no disposition to approach her nearer than he had, and died in ignorance as to who she really was.

Mrs. Cavendish gave her own explanation of Walter Gray's letter.

"When I knew Walter, over thirty years ago, he was a shop-boy, and was not earning enough to keep himself, let alone a wife, while my father was rich and an officer in the Navy. He fell in love with me, and I laughed at and dismissed him, and that is all."

He disappeared, and I have not heard from him until to-day. I afterwards married Mr. Cavendish, and when ill fortune overtook us we came here, and, of course, poor Gray could not recognize in Miriam anything more than what he thought the chance resemblance to Ellen Moore.

Ellen Moore took Walter Gray's wealth, and her daughter married McIntyre, while Norah and I each took a small which Mr. Brown had willed us.

A Chance for the Old Man.

They were sitting on the porch and it was growing late.

"Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied.

And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above:

"Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."—Epoch.

A Sunday school lesson was on the "Ten Virgins," and the next Sunday the Review question was asked, "What was the lesson about last Sunday?"

A bright boy gave the prompt answer, "About ten gals that went to a weddin'."

DR. DETROP'S LOVE.

"You say this woman has bequeathed hundred thousand dollars to me? To what good star of fortune am I indebted for this unexpected bequest?"

"You can read the will, sir. It says on account of your distinguished efforts on behalf of science."

"And when does this money come into my possession?"

"At once, sir."

The parties to this conversation were two young men. The scientist was Professor Henry Detrop, of the chair of geology of one of the universities.

As he heard the lawyer's concluding remark, a sudden light filled his eyes and he bowed his head to hide his emotion. His agitation was not due to his requirement of wealth at a single bound; he had received the communication with indifference. When he again lifted his head there were no traces of emotion visible.

"Mr. Roberts," he remarked to the attorney, "the fact of my acquisition of wealth must be kept an absolute secret for the present. If possible, take no immediate steps in regard to the will. The knowledge of this bequest, if spread at the present time, might ruin my life's happiness. Good-night."

When he was alone, Professor Detrop leaned back in his chair and stared at the wall for a long time. For a half-hour he remained in thought; finally, taking his pen, he wrote slowly and carefully for some time, read and re-read the missive, and sealed it.

What he wrote was as follows:

"MISS HELEN ANDROBE: Two years ago I met you one day at a Graybeach. Your father himself took me by the hand and presented me.

"I remember the picture. God knows that it is the particular one that hangs in the inner chamber of my heart. You were standing high above the broad sea, gazing out, so absorbed in the grandeur before you that it was with difficulty you acknowledged my presence.

"But afterwards, you will remember, we wandered together through the leafy groves, collecting ferns, thence down upon the beach for shells. Do you not remember our walk to your summer cottage, how I plucked wild roses for you, filling my hands full of spines, and how you made for me a pretty bouquet which you pinned to my lappel as you bade me good-night?

"I dwell on the picture, because it was the one beautiful day of my life.

"We were happy together for a time thereafter, and then drifted slowly apart. I have tried to fathom the cause of your ultimate coldness, but cannot. I concluded at the time that you had ascertained my circumstances in life—a poor naturalist, without position or means. I have since done you the justice to acquit you of motives so despicable, and trust that the difficulty was more of fancy than reality, and that my imagination was the aggressor.

"I remained near you as long as I dared, and then came here and knocked at the door of success. In two years I have reached the highest professorship in science. From my liberal salary I have accumulated sufficient for future need. I have not a debt in the world. My name represents a long and, I think, successful struggle for honors in my chosen profession. Pardon me for taking so much of your time; I merely wished to point out the steps towards a hoped for result.

"On that summer's day at Graybeach I need not tell you I lost my heart. You took it from me and still imprison it. I loved you then, but now, after my hard struggle to win a reputation for your sake, I worship you.

"Can you share what I so willingly lay at your feet? I know of the luxuries to which you are accustomed, and will devote my life work to create others for you. Will you honor me by becoming my wife, that by your pure influence I may rise to the highest sphere of usefulness.

HENRY DETROP."

Ten days later Mr. Roberts presented himself at the study of Professor Detrop.

"I came, sir, to beg of you to enter at once upon your possessions. There were numerous other bequests which must be attended to and which will not permit me to leave the will unprobated. The necessities of the case—"

"Wait a moment," said Professor Detrop, taking a letter from the postman who had just entered.

He read eagerly, his face blanching with pain.

"I accept the bequest at once," he replied. "Let the will be probated at your convenience."

When the attorney had departed, he took the delicate missive and read it again, as follows:

"I have your remarkable document before me. I do not profess to be able to keep Summer flirtations in mind. Any previous acquaintance with you is forgotten. Indeed, I do not recall your name, neither do I remember the circumstances to which you refer. Such being the case, I beg that the matter be dropped. With thanks, etc.,

"HELEN ANDROBE."

The Winter passed away, and Professor Detrop's sudden acquisition of wealth, together with growing reputation and exalted office, brought him into most prominent social relations. He was courted by distinguished people, and given a high place in popular esteem.

Summer came again, and Dr. Detrop went down to Graybeach to seek recreation. He scrupulously avoided the cliff where he had first met Miss Androbe.

One day, to his great delight, he saw an Albino sparrow, the first he had ever seen alive. It flitted along the beach, and he patiently followed, noting its every movement. It flew back on land. He followed it. It led his footsteps towards the bluff. Still, unconscious of all save the bird, he followed on. It alighted on a great oak at the very edge of the bluff. He passed under the tree, keeping his eyes on the bird until he was recalled from his pursuit by a little scream.

He had planted one foot squarely on the edge of the skirts of a young lady who was sitting beneath the tree, until then intently absorbed in reading.

"Mr. Detrop!" surprised and blushing.

"Miss Androbe!" coldly. "I really beg your pardon; I was watching a bird."

"Some sea-bird, I suppose. I remember you used to be very much interested in them."

"Really, then, you do remember something? I am more surprised than I can say," sarcastically.

"I do, certainly, when they concern my friends."

"You honor me indeed!" She did not seem to notice the sarcasm or frigidity.

"How long have you been among us?"

"Three weeks."

"So long? I hope you have not forgotten your old friends."

"I never forget my friends."

"Then why have you not called or made it known that you were in town? Our people would have been delighted."

reproachfully.

"I suppose you would have been delighted, too?" almost a sneer.

"I will overlook the cruelty of your remark, and not only say yes, but express a hope that you will honor our house with your presence as often as you can find time and it a pleasure to call."

He almost cursed the bird which, snake-like, had drawn him into the snare! Poor little thing! It was now far away. He concluded bitterly that she had, among other things, forgotten his elevated and exalted position in society, and that she remembered just sufficient to open the book of flirtation again.

Dr. Detrop arose without a word and started down the slope alone. He did not even look at her.

"Mr. Detrop." The voice that called him trembled, and the eyes that he turned to see were suffused with tears.

"Oh, it is nothing," she managed to say; "I merely wished to bid you good-afternoon."

Then she turned to her book. Here was an evident lesson in politeness which he could not comprehend. The picture before him revived all his passionate yearning. Had the circumstances been different he would have felt like dashing his head against the oak for his cruelty to this exquisite being.

His hands worked nervously. His brain reeled. He started to throw himself at her feet, when her letter recalled him to his senses. "I do not even remember your name," rang in his ears.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Androbe."

He turned and hastened down the bluff.

Had he looked behind he would have seen the book lying on the ground and the beautiful head of the young lady bowed low. She was weeping violently.

Days passed, and Dr. Detrop followed his usual wanderings about Graybeach. Once he met the Androbe carriage containing the entire family, but he did not even look up. The day of his return to the university was rapidly drawing nigh. He was glad to return. The tall bluff at Graybeach had become a towering spectre, which was driving him to insanity.

There was to be a dance at the great hotel. He had been forced to remain in deference to the wishes of his friends. He proposed to leave Graybeach an hour after the dance began.

The evening came at last, and his baggage was sent to the station. A carriage stood below awaiting him when he entered the crowded ball-room.

It is useless to deny that his first thought was to catch a farewell glance of Miss Androbe. He had no difficulty in discovering her, she was the belle of the evening. He could not help noticing her gracefulness and stately dignity of manner, which commanded the homage of the many gentlemen eagerly demanding her programme.

Standing beside her was another young lady of entirely different character. She had a giddy deceptive look, notwithstanding her marked beauty of countenance and prepossessing figure. She seemed to revel in the crush of men, which her companion viewed so differently.

Sick at heart, Dr. Detrop turned to leave the place. A friend stepped up and begged to make a presentation. He led the geologist to the fair belles of the evening.

"Ladies," he said, "allow me to present Dr. Detrop. Dr. Detrop, each one of these ladies is Miss Helen Androbe, cousins."

There are times in the history of every individual when he will believe that the possible and the impossible change places very easily, if indeed there is such a thing as the latter. There is nothing without at least two sides; even a globe has an inside and an outside.

Dr. Detrop was struck with so many ideas all at once that he felt like a heterogeneous, homogeneous conglomerate.

He was a sensible man, as the reader may suppose, and without any waste of time he made an engagement with the ladies to call the next day.

At the appointed time he found them at the Androbe cottage. His haggard countenance lighted up with fear, hope, despair and love as he glanced at the bewitching eyes.

One lady devoured him with curiosity, the other looked at him with reserve, yet with a whitened countenance o' pain.

He did not hesitate one instant. He did not notice the easy chair placed at his disposal. He walked directly up to one of the ladies.

"Do you remember receiving a letter from me?" he said to her with almost startling directness.

"Well, yes, I do," was the reply.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated fervently.

"Have you it still? Will you get it for me?" he went on rapidly.

"Yes; I will get it if you will wait," she replied.

The man turned the instant she was gone, sank down at the feet of the other lady and buried his head in his hands.

Neither one uttered a word. It might have been five minutes when the cousin returned. She barely opened the door and flung the letter at him.

"There it is," in harsh, unladylike tones. "I knew it wasn't for me when I read it; but that girl had gone crazy on you—a mere nobody two years ago—and I proposed to stop it. Your hundred thousand dollars belong to her, the same that you are putting on such grand airs with. She got her aunt to will it to you instead of taking it for herself so that you would feel more like her equal and not be afraid to propose. Then you turned and spurned her, though I don't blame you. But there she is; she will say yes to anything you may desire—on record."

The man had been gazing at his lady love during this strong speech. When it was finished, "Helen!"

His loved one turned her eyes upon him, full of agony and humiliation. "No," she said, "not after that scene on the bluff."

He looked up in despair and then picked up his letter and handed it to her.

"Read that," he said; "it belongs to you."

She read it through, her face softening somewhat.

"Now read the reply," he said in tones almost stern.

She read with amazement, the color returning to her face and her eyes like flashing fire.

"Do you blame me?" he asked.

She tore the galling letter into a thousand fragments, a flood of happiness beaming in her eyes.

"This is my answer," and she placed hand in his.

In Luck.

"Why, Wooden, what makes you so happy this morning?"

"Happy? Well, I should think I could afford to be; I made $200 yesterday."

"That's good. How'd you do it?"

"Why, I put $500 into Union Pacific."

"But I thought stocks fell off yesterday."

"So they did; I lost the $300, but I would have put in $400 if I had had it. So you see that other $300 was a clear gain."—Boston Commonwealth.

THINGS that a husband would rather not have said might be interesting to reap by way of a change. Newly-married wife to her husband: "Beauty does not constitute happiness in marriage, does it, dear Henry?"

"Not at all, Agnes. I should be the last man to marry a pretty woman."

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

Jack Burgis had been in California a number of years, and at present was working in a large mine near the north Fork of the Feather River.

His cabin was a neat, substantial, one-storied dwelling, near Coon Canon, surrounded by chaparrel shrubs and madrone trees, with their glossy foliage like laurel.

A mountain stream bubbled over the stones just before the door. Altogether, it was a picturesque place, and Jack had tried to make it snug and homelike. Chintz curtains shaded the windows within, and wild honeysuckle did the same duty outside. The furniture consisted of some chintz-covered chairs and a lounge; a crimson-covered table, with two or three late papers upon it, showed that Jack was a reader. A corner closet held some necessary crockery ware, and his stove, on which his bachelor meals were cooked, was shining and clean. The adjoining room held his bed, neatly spread with red and blue blankets.

He was more comfortably situated than most miners, and had quite an idea of asking a pretty girl, some day, to share life with him; but as yet he was heart-whole, his dog Carlo, and a trusty rifle, his only company.

Some nights he walked over to the adjoining town, others he spent at home, mending his traps in which he caught fox coons, and other small animals.

It was Thursday evening as the stage-coach toiled slowly up the mountain roads, and the driver flicked his whip over the backs of the six sturdy horses, to hurry them up. In the distance, on another grade, could be seen one of the Eureka teams, with fourteen horses, and the "Prairie Schooner," (as they call the high freight wagons,) with the tender following; and the immense chock block, dragging, left a side track, as if a smooth roller had passed over it.

On the seat with the driver sat a fair, pretty girl—Allie Boyce. This was her first trip to the mountains from her valley home. She was going to visit her cousins, at Strawberry valley; they were quite well off, and kept the "Columbus House."

Allie was enjoying the scenery from her elevated perch, the tall pines, stretching con-tipped branches to the sky. Above her were snow-capped peaks, and the roadside was bordered with bushes covered with pink buds; here and there were thickets of the white azalia, and through the foliage she saw the starry dogwood blossoms, and the dusty trails stretching like brown ribbons up the mountain s side. There was no sound save the thud and boom of timber coming down on the flume tide, or a quail's whistle.

She was asking the driver what the girls found to amuse themselves with, and he told her of the frequent dances and parties given by the Odd Fellows, or some other society.

She was very glad, as a pretty girl should be, that she put in the little brown trunk snugly strapped behind her pretty pale blue lawn, with its various ribbons; and her shapely foot tapped approvingly a tin box in which she had placed her dainty little sapphire blue velvet bonnet; the tin box was dust proof, and just the thing for a mountain trip.

The sun was stealing over the pine trees, and his ardent rays shone redly on the limbs of brown. The driver could hardly see his leaders for the glare, when suddenly there was a loud shout, and a cry of "Hands up! Fargo box—hurry!"

The driver drew reins as he reached the top of the hill, so quickly as almost to throw his wheelers on their haunches. He knew by experience that a refusal meant a dose of lead pills; so he hastily seized the box, flung it out, and whipped up his horses before frightened Allie realized that not the tin express box, but her treasured bonnet had gone from her bewildered gaze to an unappreciative road agent.

The driver, when told this, looked to see, and sure enough the express box was safe; then he chuckled, and whistled to his horses to "get along there, you old sardines!"

But he stopped laughing when he saw Allie's rueful face.

"Never mind, miss; Wells and Fargo will be good for her bunnit, I'll be bound, as the money s all right."

So comforted Allie brightened up till they reached the Columbus House, where a warm welcome from her cousins greeted her.

The road agent lifted his mask as the tin box fell at his feet. He soon pried it open, and loud and long were his curses as he saw no gold, no bills, but a little sapphire velvet bonnet, with a blush rose nestling in its folds. He gave it a kick that sent it in the brush, but the box cover shut and kept the dust out. As the agent went through the woods he cursed his luck, and the blue bonnet especially.

That afternoon Jack happened to be returning from the town. He had been after a tank of quick-silver for cleaning up. He strode along whistling cheerily, with Carlo close to his heels.

The sun, passing through the brush, lit up the tin box, and as it gleamed brilliantly, it attracted Jack's attention. He sprang toward it, and his eyes grew round as they saw the daintily fashioned velvet bonnet.

"A lady's hat!" he gasped. "How in thunder did it get here? Here's some of her hair, too," he murmured, as he drew from the lining the golden hair that had caught there.

He carefully put the hair in his pocket-book, picked up the box and went home, where he carefully stowed it away till called for.

But all that evening Jack's heart kept warm as he fancied a gold-haired, blue-eyed girl in the chair opposite him; and Carlo was called on often to look up and hear, "Well, old dog, she must be a beauty, eh—a regular sun-beam!"

Finally, tired out, he sought repose, only to dream of a blue bonnet trimmed with golden hair, and this on Carlo's head and a tin box for a veil. "Of such stuff dreams are made."

* * *

When Allie told her cousins of the fright and her loss, they laughed heartily over the road agent's disappointment, and consoled her by saying,—

"Oh, your brown hat is just the thing for these dusty roads."

How Allie enjoyed the clear mountain air, redolent with pine! What delightful tramps through the woods and up the brown trails she took, coming back with both hands filled with sweet-scented chapparel, or azalias, pink and white, such as can only be found 'neath the blue sky of this golden West!

On the twenty sixth of April, the Odd Fellows were to have a large party in Blue Grass Valley. The cousins told Allie that they were sure to have a good time. The day arrived, and from far and near the Odd Fellows came with sweethearts and wives, their daughters, cousins and aunts, till the ballding town seemed to overflow with people.

Allie enjoyed the exercises and procession in the afternoon; but the evening, to use a California phrase, was "the cap sheaf." The lights gleamed through the large windows of the hall, shone on the well waxed floor. A string band played in good time quadrilles, waltzes and polkas. As Allie entered the grand march was forming; the pretty, well dressed mountain girls, the Odd Fellows in their crimson and silver regalia, the walls draped with flags and hung with wreaths of evergreen interspersed, with great cream and crimson roses and tall green ferns, made a pretty sight.

Our Friend Jack was there, looking unusually handsome. The floor manager approached him, saying,—

"Jack, let me introduce you to Miss Boyce, a pretty valley girl."

So Jack, nothing loth, was soon bowing before Allie and asking "the pleasure of her hand for the next set."

He noticed approvingly her golden hair and pretty eyes, and Allie looked kindly into his black ones.

Jack's heart beat quickly as he remembered his lately found treasure, and thought how sweet she would look in that bonnet.

"All form for the next set!" shouted the manager. And Allie's eyes flashed a laughing look at Jack as a stout miner approached a buxom wo

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 11, 1889.

THE Pennsylvania Editorial Association will hold their next annual meeting at the Lochiel Hotel, Harrisburg, on Wednesday next.

WILL Mr. Harrison put Mr Blaine into the cabinet or "into the soup?" asks the Chicago *Herald*, and the chorus comes from the Sherman followers, "In the soup!"

HON. JAMES T. MAFFET, the member of the present Congress from the twenty-fifth district, of which Indiana county was a part at the time of his election, was admitted to the asylum at north Warren as a private patient last week.

GOVERNOR BEAVER has fixed March 27, 1889 for the execution of Sarah Jane Whiteling, convicted in Philadelphia of the murder of her young daughter by poisoning. Mrs. Whiteling confessed the crime, and also admitted having poisoned her husband and another child.

GOVERNOR BEAVER on Wednesday, appointed Quay's candidate, Samuel W. Pennypacker, for a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, in place of Judge Mitchell, elected a member of the Supreme Court at the last election. Pennypacker is a distant relative of Quay.

THE Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania will meet at the Bolton House, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday January 16 h, 1889, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to elect a Chairman, Secretary, and an Executive Committee, and to transact such other business as may be brought before it.

THE scientists who journeyed to California and beyond, to witness the eclipse of the sun which occurred on Tuesday last, are enthusiastic over the views obtained and expect great results therefrom. The view of the eclipse seen from Winnepeg was a most magnificent one and gaseous eruptions from the face of the sun could be traced.

AFTER the Governor's message had been read and a motion made to have it printed, Hon. John Fow, of Philadelphia, made a motion to have two thousand copies printed in the German language, when Hon. John S. Rhey moved as an amendment that 2 000 copies be printed in the Welsh language. The amendment was defeated however, and our Welsh friends will have to take the English version.

NEXT to the great question as to who is to go into President Harrison's cabinet seems to be whether or not Mrs. Harrison is in favor of wearing the bustle. A New York firm sent her a handsome one as a present recently, hoping in her acknowledgement of its receipt, to get an expression of her opinion, but in this they failed, and the country will be kept in suspense until after the fourth of March.

THE Philadelphia *Record* is one of the best newspapers in the United States, and that the people know it is demonstrated by the fact that its daily circulation is considerably over the 100,000 mark. In the battle for reform which is being waged by the people against the monopolists, the people have no better or braver champion than the *Record* which is always found in the front ranks. Everybody should read the *Record* which will be sent daily including Sunday by mail for $4.00 per year or every weekday for $3.00.

"THE Senate," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "pulled itself together and, without the fear of the Grangers on its mind, voted against reducing the prohibitory duty on trace chains. Perhaps the patient Granger, who is obliged to pay a double price for his trace chains, will be enabled to 'hitch' to the Republican game. The money does not go into the treasury. The fellow who makes the trace chains pockets the swag; the fellow who buys the trace chains pays the money." This is a great truth briefly told and every intelligent farmer probably knows by this time that the Senate tariff bill is against his interests.

THE Electrical Sugar Refining Company, whose stock until a few days ago, was way above par, and the innocent holders of it counted largely on the fortunes that were in store for them has collapsed with nothing left in the shape of assets. It turns out that the stockholders have been duped to the amount of over a million dollars and the "secret process" by which raw sugar was to be refined by electricity was a pure invention from the fertile brain of Henry C. Friend, the originator of the scheme. The stock was issued in shares of $100 and a short time ago, was quoted at $300. Most of the stock was held in Europe, and is now entirely worthless.

THE total production of pig iron for the year just closed is placed by James Swank at about 6 000 000 gross tons. The production in 1886 was 5 683 329 gross tons, and in 1887, 6 417,148 tons. The decrease in 1888 was entirely in Bessemer pig, and the cause was the falling off in the demand for steels rails. Of the latter only about 1 350,000 tons were manufactured as against 2 101,904 tons in 1887 and 1 574,703 tons in 1886. In the production of all forms of structural iron and steel there has been no material falling off from the figures of last year. While the total output of domestic iron and steel fall below that of 1887, the importations of foreign iron and steel fall off still more. The importations of 1887 were 1,783,251 tons those of 1888 960,000 tons. The decreased output and decreased importations of iron and steel are fully explained in the fact that the new railway mileage fell from nearly 13,000 miles in 1887 to 4,120 miles in 1888.

THE talk about restricting immigration says the Philadelphia *Times* only served to stimulate the rush of foreigners to the United States last year. The steamship agents circulated the report that the ports might soon be closed to immigrants and that they should come at once if they did not want to find themselves shut out entirely. They did come, 383 000 landing at New York alone, an increase of 21.000 over the immigrant arrivals of 1887.

Germany furnished the largest quota in spite of official efforts to discourage immigration. The German additions to American population numbered 77,800. Ireland furnished 44.000 which, in consideration of the fact that the population of Ireland is only a little more than one tenth that of Germany, shows that the impulse to seek a new home is still stronger in Ireland than elsewhere. Next to the Germans and Irish the Scandinavian contingent was the most important, 50 000 Swedes and Norwegians having landed and sought homes chiefly in the West.

The least desirable immigrants came from Russia, Austro-Hungary and Italy, and as these three countries furnished 97.000 of the new arrivals it is evident that the days of cheap contract labor are not over yet. How many of this 97.000 will become permanent residents of this country it would be hard to say. Probably a large percentage of them will remain long enough to accumulate a few hundred dollars each and return home to spend their money. The Hungarians, especially, are disposed to follow the example of the Chinese and not become permanent residents.

The experience of the past year indicates that if the restriction of imigration is to be talked about it should be put in operation as soon as possible, as mere talk only increases the evil complained of. The steamship companies use the agitation as a means of crowding their vessels at every trip, and will continue to do so until the talk ceases or some restrictive law is actually passed and enforced.

A DISPATCH from Birmingham, Con., says: "Three hundred employes of the Sterling company, manufacturers of pianos and organs, were notified of a ten per cent. reduction to-day. The concern used the famous protection envelops during the presidential campaign." There has been no reduction in the tariff, which according to the Republican theory before the election was the one great and only thing upon which the wages of the workingmen depended. On their pay envelopes they advised their men to vote for protection and high wages, yet three months have not yet passed until these sams Pharisees are trying to fleece back out of the workingmen the boodle they were compelled to raise for Harrison's election. It may take some time for the people to learn who pays the tariff and where it goes, that wages depend upon the supply and demand and that although the tariff remains the same at 47 per cent. wages can be reduced 10 per cent. in the winter when employment is scarce and can be maintained at that by the manufacturers until labor from some other cause than the "blessed tariff" is again in demand, when the manufacturers will be compelled to make an advance. It may take time for the people to learn these things, but when they do learn them, they will have them solid, learned in the bitter school of experience, and a day of reconing will come when those who fought against a 7 percent. reduction will be glad and willing to accept a tariff that will not rob the people and yet give them all the protection that is needed.

LEONARD WOOSLEY BACON, in the January number of the *Forum* says: "Can we afford to laugh at the enormity of schemes of plunder such as the Service Pension bill? Is there anything less hopeful in the plan for stealing five thousand millions next year than there was in the plot for stealing five hundred millions ten years before? Is there a leading politician at the North of either party that dares open his mouth against these shameless conspiracies against the nation in the late Presidential campaign? Did not both the parties bid against each other, in promiess of public money for the soldier vote, to buy the Presidency by largesses to this pauperian guard?

There is not room here to say the tenth part of the plain words that need to be said on this subject, and that no one seems ready to say. It looks highly probable that the next Congress and the next Executive will unite in some measure unprecedentedly ruinous and infamous; that the party whose boast has been that it would maintain the American workingman in his superiority to the European workingman will deliberately impose upon American industry the identical burden of war taxation, to be bourne through generations to come, under which the industry of the older natsons is bowed into the dust; so that it shall be said of us as, with such bitter truth, it has been said of them, that "the workman goes to his labor carrying a soilder strapped upon his back."

THE murderers of Paymaster McClure and Hugh Flanigan, who were killed on the mountains near Wilkesbarre, on the 19.h of October last, have at last been apprehended and are now in the Wilkesbarre jail. Michael Rizzolo an Italian, known as "Red nosed Mike" and four other Italians were the murderers. Red nosed Mike has made a confession in which he acknowledges his part in the crime and tells the story of the shooting. He says: "that the two first shots fired at McClure and Flanigan proved fatal. The horse started to run, and the murderers pursued. When the horse came to a standstill one of the men stood in front of him with a rifle and pierced his head with a bullet. McClure was hanging from the wagon with some life still in him. To make sure of his death he was shot again. The murderers then reloaded the rifle to shoot anybody else who came along. They afterwards hid the money and rifles in the ground. About $10,000 of the $12,000 has been recovered.

The Prohibition Amendment.

There seems to be little doubt in any quarter but the Prohibition amendment will pass the present legislature, and in that event, according to the constitution, must "be submitted to the qualified electors of the State, in such manner and at such time, *at least three months* after being so agreed to by the two Houses, as the general assembly shall prescribe." This will probably necessitate a special election, and, as all experience proves, a light vote. By hurrying up action on the amendment in the legislature it might be voted on at the town and city elections the third Tuesday of Febuary, and a full vote secured, but this is not probable. In his message, Governor Beaver advocates submission, but urges that the election be held as early as May or June, so that the vote upon it may be taken without any admixture of partisan politics or local interest to perplex the voters.

The opponents of Prohibition in the legislature will probably endeavor to modify the proposed amendment by making provision for compensation; but this idea was voted down two years ago and is not likely to fare better at this time. Its adoption would naturally make the amendment a new one, and necessitate its passage by the legislature elected in 1890 before it could be submitted to a vote of the people.

There is a good deal of speculation as to the fate of the amendment on the popular vote. The liquor interest, at one time disposed to make light of any prediction of its approval by the people, now considers the question more seriously, and is apprehensive it may secure a majority. It will probably make a determined fight, and will have the sinews of war in abundance, as the traffic in its various forms in this State represents many millions of invested capital and thousands of employes. The farmers will also have a money interest in the question, as Pennsylvania raised more rye than any State (nearly 4 000 000 bushels), and about one fifth of the product of the Union. This is almost entirely sold to distillers, while the barley product (about 500,000 bushels) goes to the brewers.

The Prohibitionists, assuming that the amendment will be submitted, are already making efforts to secure a majority for it. A combination of all the temperance organizations in the State is proposed, and the initial steps to secure it will be taken at a meeting to be held in Pittsburg to-day, under the auspices of the Ministerial Association. A campaign committee will be created to which all temperance organizations of the State, including the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Gospel Temperance Union, Murphy Association and Catholic Total Abstinence Society, will be invited to elect delegates. This committee, or a subcommittee from it, will take charge of the canvass, and, of course, will have the active sympathy and material aid of nine-tenths of the Protestant churches of the State. All this represents a powerful force in influencing public opinion. The chairman of the Prohibition State committee has issued a call for a convention of representatives of all temperance organizations in the State at Harrisburg February 5, and the Philadelphia committee has called a local convention of the same character, to meet in that city January 21. Ex-Chairman Campbell, of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies of the Philadelphia archdiocese, states he feels certain their societies will not join the movements above indicated, and intimates a majority of the members favor high license rather than Prohibition, as a more practicable measure.

The nearest approach we have had in this State to a vote on Prohibition was at the local option election in 1873, when the question of license or no license was submitted to the people. The cities and many of the boroughs of the State voted seperately from their counties. Forty one counties voted against license, and 24 for for license, the aggregate showing a majority of 4.500 for license. Twenty-four cities and boroughs voted seperately, and gave a majority for license of 46.734, Showing a majority in the State against Prohibition of 51 234, on a very light vote; certainly not half the vote that would be drawn to the polls on the straight issue in May or June. Philadelphia gave 27 633 majority for license, Pittsburg 7 432 Allegheny 2 204, and Berks county 8 000.

It may be said both parties are stronger now than they were in 1873, and will make a more desperate battle. An immense business interest, threatened with annihilation, will take one side, and a powerful and enthusiastic moral and religious sentiment the other. Between the two there will be the great mass of citizens, sympathizing to some extent with the objects of the Prohibitionists, but having no confidence in the practicability or efficacy of their extreme policy, even should it be adopted, to do aught else than promote in more objectionable form the very evil at which it strikes. It may be said that this sentiment has been strongly enforced by the working of the license law of the last legislature. As matters stand, we believe Prohibition will be rejected in this State by not less than a hundred thousand majority, and that the existing license law will materially aid in this result. It solves the question an evil may be regulated but not prohibited, as public sentiment now stands. And yet again a crusade may may be started that will carry away the sympathies of the people—the women and churches being important factors—and the result of the vote may be much closer; but in any event, considering the forces and interests in the impending conflict, it does not at all seem probable the radical amendment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale without compensation to vested interests, can be carried on the popular vote.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The Farmer got There.

The Carbondale *Leader* tells how a couple of sharpers got beat at their own game a few days ago. It was the same old story—the sharpers "wanted to buy a farm." A stranger accosted and old buckwheater from Aratat and gave him $50 to bind the bargain for the sale of his farm at $3 000. Soon after the chap's partner in sin met the old man and informed him that Fall Brook coal company wanted his place at $6 000 and that it would pay him to raise $1.000 to get a release from the other fellow. But the unsophisticated fellow from the rural district was an honest man. He wouldn't break his word for the pittance of $3,000; oh no! And threats didn't move him. He started for home in his rickety rig, musing on the vanity of the world with $50 in his pocket and as his beach gad cut through the air he was heard to exclaim, "G'lang, Nancy; we're honest men, we is, and an old buckwheat farmer gets around occasionally."

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D Sult. Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

A Direct Vote for President.

The failure of the recent choice of presidential electors to reflect correctly the will of the majority of the the voters has had the effect of calling attention to the faults of the electoral system of choosing a president. The press without distinction of party has commented very freely on the incongruity presented in the result of the late election, of a majority of the electoral vote for a candidate who received a smaller number of votes at the polls than one of his competitors. This same subject has attracted the attention of congress and Representative Springer of Illinois has given notice of an amendment to the federal constitution he intends to propose which would abolish the electoral college and give to each State the number of presidential votes to which it would be entitled under the electoral system, but would substitute a direct vote for presidential candidates for the present indirect vote through electors. Mr. Springer's proposition further contemplates a proportional vote for president in each State by dividing the whole number of votes cast by the number of presidential votes to which the State is entitled, thus finding the ratio for a presidential vote and giving each candidate as many votes as the ratio would be contained in the number of votes cast for him at the polls, the candidate having the largest fraction of a ratio as a remainder to be entitled to any additional presidential vote that must be determined by the consideration of fractions or remainders.

The proposition of Representative Springer is correct in principle and perfectly fair to every candidate and party. Under this plan of choosing a President the people could vote directly for the candidate and every vote, whether cast in Vermont or Texas, would count. It would wipe out sectionalism as a political factor, break the solid South as well as the solid North. A Republican candidate for President would have his vote counted for him in every Southern State and the Democratic candidate would get his proportional return in every Northern State. Under this plan there could be no "pivotal State," therefore the expenditure of immense sums of money to carry any particular State would be useless and the corruption of elections would be checked to that extent. There is really no good reason why this proposition should not be incorporated in the federal constitution in lieu of the present electoral plan.

It is a pity, though, that Mr. Springer has tacked on to his proposed amendment a provision extending the presidential term to six years. He should make haste to seperate the two. The present term of the presidency is long enough. As already demonstrated in these columns to extend the presidential term is a step toward Cæsarism. Either the powers of the executive must be greatly diminished or no attempt should be made to prolong the time for his accounting to the people for his stewardship. Let Mr. Springer stick to his electoral proposition and try his other idea by the test of true Democracy before he insists upon coupling the two in the same constitutional amendment. —*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Railway Wreckage for 1888.

If the number of railways and the amount of capital obliterated by foreclosure sales could be taken as an index of the condition of railway business the showing for 1888 when compared with that of ormer years would be a hopeful one. Nineteen roads, with mileage of 1.596 miles and capitalized at 64,555,000, were sold during the year. In but three of the last thirteen years was the wreckage smaller—in 1881, when sixteen roads, with a total length of 867 miles; in 1882 eighteen roads, with 1,354 miles, and in 1883 fifteen roods, with 710 miles, were sold. Measured by the capital invested 1886 was the most disastrous year of the thirteen, the foreclosed roads of that year being capitalized at $374 109 000. The next in the list was 1887, with $328,181 000 of foreclosed capital. The foreclosures of 1878 involved $311 631 000, those of 1885 $278 494 000 and so on down the list, the foreclosures of the thirteen years beginning with 1876 involving 423 railways, with a total mileage of 43 770 miles and a combined capital of $2 544 925 000, or twenty-eight per cent. of the entire mileage and 30 per cent of the present railway capital of the country.

These figures place the average annual rate of the foreclosure for the entire period at thirty-two railways with 3 367 miles of track and $195.763.461 of capital and a year in which only one half the average mileage and one third the average capital passes into foreclosure might be supposed to be an exceptionally prosperous year. Unfortunately the foreclosures do not tell the whole nor even an important part of the story. Most foreclosure sales are the result of several years' standing and represent the actual railway failures of a former period. Very rarely indeed do railways pass into the hands of the receiver and the auctioneer in the same year.

The record of railway receiverships in any given year will probably furnish a more accurate test of the condition of railway interests than the record of foreclosures. Tested by this standard the year 1888 appears to have been as disastrous in the matter of railway wreckage as the average of the past thirteen years. Twenty-two railways, with 4.270 miles of track and capitalized at $186-814 000, passed into the hands of receivers during the year. It is evident from these figures that increased railway prosperity need not be looked for until the building of lines for which no adequate business exists and the waging of ruinous rate wars cease. The showing of the past year certainly does not encourage people with money to invest to put into railway stocks or bonds.—*Phila. Times.*

A Goat Runs a Train.

LARAMIE CITY, January 8.—The overland fast freight train on the Union Pacific yesterday brought the mangled body of James Sumner, a brakeman, who had been thrown from the top of the train by a goat while the train was at a high rate of speed. The animal belongd to a theatrical company, and got on the train at Cheyenne. It is supposed, from a low shed adjoining the water tank. After the train left Cheyenne the goat chewed the ball cord awhile and then drove two of the brakemen to the caboose, where they remained in mortal terror, believing the animal was a wildcat. Sumner was on the front of the train, and had not seen the goat until the latter rushed at and struck him when he lost his balance and fell. The train was stopped as soon as possible and run back. Sumner's body was found lying beside the track. His neck had been broken. A cowboy lassoed the goat when the train arrived here, and the Coroner ordered him to the pound pending inquest.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The combined wealth of the Vanderbilt family is said to foot up $284,000 000. On that they should be able to eat two kinds of pie for breakfast without even touching the principal.

—Eleven vessels bound to or from Philadelphia went to the bottom of the ocean in 1888, with 118 lives. Nine more were wrecked, but fortunately no lives were lost. The property swallowed up with these 20 vessels was valued at $850,000.

—Thirty members of the crew of the steamship Scythia deserted her as she was about to sail from Boston for Liverpool on Saturday. They claimed that the vessel was overloaded. The departure was postponed until new hands could be hired.

—Patrick Kelly, cattle dealer, was gored by a steer he was driving at Robrestown, Lancaster county, Thursday afternoon. His arm was broken, shoulder dislocated, and he was also injured internally. He is pronounced to be in a critical condition.

—An Arkansaw girl off a front tooth at the root while she was preparing to attend a wedding, but the accident did not keep her at home. The fastened the tooth with beeswax, and thought nothing more about the operation until she swallowed the tooth at the wedding supper.

—A few years ago John Koch was the millionaire owner of Terrace Garden in New York and was instrumental in bringing Theodore Thomas to this country. Koch is now making a bare living as proprietor of a road house near Scranton, Pa. On Wednesday he was sent to jail for 20 days for selling liquor on Sundays.

—Advices from Samoa say that the German man-of-war Olga lost twenty men killed and thirty wounded out of a party of one hundred and twenty men sent to assist Tamasese against Mataefe. The Germans were compelled to retreat to their boats. The commanders of the British and American men-of-war received an intimation of the German intentions, but they remained inactive.

—Joseph L. Woodbury, a young man employed in the Minneapolis postoffice, handed in his resignation the other day, and told the surprised official that he intended to be an Indian chief from that time out. He wasn't joking, for he really is an Indian chief, being the son of the late Hon. Hole-in-the-Day, Chief of the Chippewa nation, and he has gone to succeed his father at the Chippewa reservation.

—At a circus fair in Oroville, Cal., there were several mammoth exhibits of oranges. They included an immense golden heart, covered with thousands of oranges; a grand monument on which were displayed 10,000 samples of the fruit, and a hugh basket in which were piled up 12,150 oranges. Another splendid exhibit was a Japanense pagoda, in which nearly 5,000 oranges and lemons were displayed.

—Suit has been entered at Reading against the county of Berks by James W. M. Newlin, a Philadelphia attorney, to recover $3.593 39, commissions for collecting from the Commonwealth overpaid taxes. The minutes of the County Commissioners show that Mr. Newlin was paid $700 for "services rendered before the State Revenue Commissioners." The claim for additional compensation will be resisted.

—The barkeeper of one of the large New York hotels has decided the interesting question of the value of new year "swear offs." He says that he has noticed that immediately after the first of the year the receipts for drinks fall off on an average 35 per cent., but as the month advances they gain steadily, and by February 1st they are back to the starting point. A "swear off," therefore, will generally last about 30 days.

—The infant child of David Zealeara, laborer, residing in the southeastern part of Columbus, Ohio, apparently died Thursday morning. The undertaker took charge of the remains and placed them in a coffin on Friday morning. The parents and friends assembled and had taken a last look at the remains. The undertaker was preparing to remove them when he noticed the child breathe. A physician was summoned, and the indications are that the child will recover.

—General Master Workman Powderly said on Monday morning, when questioned about the proposed new labor order to be established by James L. Wright, R. W. Keen and others, that the movers make a number of charges against the Knights of Labor, not one of which they can maintain. "It took these men ten years," said he, "before they discovered that the order was founded on wrong principles. I can only say that if the friends of this proposed new labor organization don't do more for it than they did for the old one, it won't amount to much.

—A double stage robbery occurred last Saturday night at Cloverdale, Cal. The down stage from Mendocino City was stopped near Philo about 11 o'clock by a masked highwayman, who demanded the treasurer-box, and holding a revolver in one hand, took the box from the driver with the other. He thanked the driver, and ordered him to drive on. He then remarked, "Good night, gentlemen." The stage had only gone a few hundred yards when it met the up stage from Cloverdale, and the driver remarked he also had been robbed, but gave no details. The express boxes were all that were taken.

—Saturday afternoon a number of farmers gathered at William Porter's grist mill, at New Hope, W. Va., as is their custom on Saturdays, to obtain their supplies of flour. A number were talking in the boiler house when the boiler exploded, completely wrecking the mill. Joseph French, Thomas Carter, Levi Shields and John Wimmer were instantly killed, their bodies being blown into shreds. Eli Shields died from his injuries on Sunday. Pieces of the flesh had dropped from the arms of Wade Shufelbarger, exposing the bones, and his death will soon come. Jeremiah Carter and William Carter were also seriously injured.

—John L. Sullivan, accompanied by several prominent backers, arrived at Toronto, Canada, on Monday morning. At the Rasin house he met Kilrain's representatives. Threats of police interference frightened the parties into a refusal to sign articles, but the following arrangements were made: The fight is to be for $20,000 and the championship belt, which is now held by Kilrain, and will take place near New Orleans July 8. The next deposit of $5 000 will be made with the New York Clipper April 15, when the final stake holder will be chosen. The referee will be chosen at the ring side. This is the result of the conference so far. The articles will probably be signed on the train to night.

—Friday Engineer John Clark, William McFerran, and William Shearer got into the cage to descend to the bottom of the shaft at the West Leisenring Mine of the Connellsville Coke & Iron company. The fireman, who was running the car, had failed to reverse his engine, and the cage started up instead of down. It reached the top of the tipple-house, one hundred feet high, with great violence, and broke the rope. This precipitated the cage and its three inmates to the bottom of the mine, six hundred feet down. It was about four hours before the bodies were recovered, and they were found to be so mangled as scarcely to be recognized. Clark leaves a wife and two children. The other two were unmarried. It is charged that the fireman was a new hand at the cage, also that he is very hard of hearing. The responsibility for the accident is being investigated.

—William Mann, an artist, of New York City, shot and killed his niece, Carrie Jones, and committed suicide in an uptown tenement on last Saturday. She was a married woman and been living with Mann as his wife for several years. The woman's husband, whose name is Stephen Jones, is a carpenter living in Poughkeepsie, and has not lived with his wife for 12 years. A 14-year old son of Jones and the woman who had deserted him is thought to have been the cause of the tragedy. He lived with his mother, and Mann wished to get rid of him and had frequent quarrels with the woman on the boy's account. She would not give up the boy. No one saw the shooting or heard the quarrel which probably led up to it.

—A Lewistown, Me., police officer in passing a dark alleyway heard a strange noise. It was a voice in the tones of supplication. The words were undistinguishable. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the officer drew his shooting iron and his club and hastened to the spot. As he neared it, the tones grew louder. Someone was shouting in a loud voice, from the back end of a horse shed. The officer was not a little surprised to find the object of his search in the person of a devout soldier of the Salvation Army, who was out in the cold and the darkness of the darkest hour making his petitions. The officer passed a good morning, and asked the soldier to lower his voice a few octaves. The soldier complied and the officer departed.

—More than 150 languages and dialects are current in India and British Burmah, with thir 256,000,000 of people, and the distinct alphabets of these countries, many of which are very elaborate, outnumber all others in the world. Some 40 different alphabets or sylable systems, each having from 250 to 500 combinattons, are used to represent the sounds of the 150 languages, and more than 10,000 different signs and types have been elaborated from the original alaphabet to represent the 50 different sounds—all that the combined Indian vernaculars contain. As these simple sounds cannot all be represented by the 26 letters of the English alphabet, 24 letters of the English phonetic alphabet are captured and and made to do service in this new English phonetic alphabet, and we then have one simple alphabet taking the places of 40 or more and becoming available as the written language of 200,000,000 of people who have no written alphabet, because they don't know just how to use one.

Whiskey Kills.

How often are we yet to be told that whiskey kills? Arsenic kill; opium kills, and so do hundreds of other good remedies kill if *abused* instead of *used*. But ask the question, "Will whiskey cure?" "Yes!" is the positive reply of the most eminent physicians of all the land. Disease steals into your system like a sneak thief into your house, and often by neglecting a bad cold, we end our days in lingering, and wishing for health—when, indeed, *one* bottle of *Pure Whiskey* or *Brandy* would have cured the cold. Such goods may be scarce, but they can be found at Max Kleins 82 Federal street, Allegheny. His "Silver Age" is the only whisky endorsed by the doctors. You can get the pure Guckenheimer, Finch or Gibson Rye at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5 00 Send for price list.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a Cure-all, but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, for a very short time, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, "the change of life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes carbuncles and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE 500 farms, 50 to 10,000 acres at $2 to $25 per acre. Good markets. Healthy climate. Low taxes. Send for catalogue containing description, and free list of other properties. REAL ESTATE AGENCY Petersburg, Va.

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Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended. Parties are feared that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

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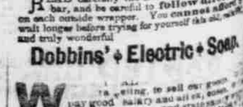

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For the largest assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's wraps, coats and jackets, at the lowest possible cash prices go to Wm. Murray & Son's.
Sept. 28th, 1888.

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THE BEST FAMILY SOAP
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It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid Peter Dobbins forty years ago, has been modified and changed in the slightest. This soap is therefore identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.

It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It softens colors and bleaches whites.

It washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE

THERE is a great saving of time, labor and money in the use of this soap, of fuel, and of the fabric upon which Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions.

ONE trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial.

LIKE all best things, it is extensively counterfeited and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't ask for Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Borax or any other fraud, simply because it is said "they will ruin clothes, and are cheaper at any price. Ask for

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and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If your grocer has it not will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around the bar, and be careful to follow directions. Do not put soap on such outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this only safe and truly wonderful

Dobbins' Electric So

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 11, 1889.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—How do you like this kind of weather?

—Mr. John Riffel, of Summit, has a fresh cow and calf for sale.

—Captain Morgan McDonald, of Loretto, was a visitor to our town on Monday.

—In another column Mrs R. E. Jones advertises a lot of goods at greatly reduced prices.

—The County Auditors began the work of auditing the accounts of the county on Monday.

—Mr. Harry Marlett, of Dean township, has been appointed paster and folder at Hastings.

—Edward Dougherty, formerly of this place, but now of Gallitzin, is reported seriously ill.

—The FREEMAN gives you 2000 columns of reading matter every year for $1.50. Subscribe now.

—On last Monday six prisoners were released from jail and there are now twenty-six remaining.

—Mr. W. W. Blair, of Altoona, was in town last week, having come up to attend the funeral of his little niece.

—Sheriff-elect J. C. Stineman took the oath of office on Monday last. Col. S. W. Davis was also sworn in as deputy sheriff.

—Mr. James T. Young, of Johnstown, who has been appointed warden at the jail took charge of that institution on Monday.

—Charles N. Crouse, Mercantile Appraiser, was in town on Monday and Tuesday attending to the assessment of dealers in Ebensburg.

—Mr. George Smith, of Frugality, has been appointed a coal and iron policeman for the Cresson and Clearfield Coal and Coke Company.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., wants butter, eggs, oats, corn, wheat, rye, beans, potatoes, onions, for which he will allow the highest trade price.

—A special term of court will be held on the third week of March and a special venire of 56 jurors has been ordered to be drawn for that week.

—The board fence between the property of Mr. W. C. Shields and the Central Hotel, accumbed to the high wind on Wednesday night and toppled over.

—He the wise advertiser who keeps his announcements before the people all the year around, changing the le form frequently, but always adhering to their substance.

—Mr. J. B. Denny intends erecting a pool room on his Mountain House property adjoining the barroom, to occupy the ground on which the ice house now stands.

—Mr. Christian Walters, of White township, and W. A. Chaplin, of Flinton, both subscribers to and readers of the FREEMAN, were welcome visitors to our office on Monday.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—T. A. Coons, of near Loretto, was unfortunate enough on last Friday afternoon to have three fingers of his left hand cut and his thumb badly lancerated whilecutting shingles.

—Mr. James P. Yost, who owns and operates a steam drifter in Altoona, paid our town a business visit on Wednesday. Mr. Yost was formerly a resident of Carroll township, this county.

—Indiana county has a fiend in human shape who delights in mutilating horses. He recently visited the barn of M. B. Wyncoop, in East Mahoning, and cut the tongue out of a fine stallion. This is about his fortieth victim.

—Charles R. Downing, Esq., Register and Recorder of Blair county, died at his home in Hollidaysburg on Monday last, aged 37 years. Mr. Downing on the day of his death had served just two years of his three year term.

—Mr. David E. Evans and family, who in the future will make their home at Kane, McKean, county, Pa., took their departure on Wednesday morning about four o'clock, driving overland to Cresson in order to take an early train.

—Mr. Thomas Peach has purchased the property and business of Mr. John A. Schwab, the well-known liveryman in Loretto and, and will remove to that place the latter part of this or the beginning of next week. We wish him success.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—A steer belonging to James B. Okeson, of Spruce Hill township, Juniata county, which was supposed to have strayed away, was found in a straw stack, having been imprisoned a fourteen days. When rescued the brute was still alive, but very helpless.

—We have just been informed at the hour of going to press this (Thursday) afternoon that the Catholic church at Loretto was almost entirely stripped of its roof by the high winds of Wednesday, which, did so much damage in this State as well as in others.

—On Monday last Messrs. P. F. Brown and Daniel Eberly, of this place, who were deputized by Sheriff Gray, took Bernard Bearsnyder, an insane inmate of the jail, to Dixmont. They experienced no trouble while on the road, the man being orderly and quiet.

—Samuel Morritts, a resident of Gaysport, Blair county, on Saturday last while laboring under a temporary fit of despondency, cut his throat with a razor and died in a few minutes. He was 57 years of age and was a brother of Mr. David Morritts, of East Conemaugh.

—The teachers of Ebensburg borough and Cambria township are requested to meet in school house at Ebensburg at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, January 12, for the purpose of organizing and making arrangements for holding local institutes.—A. R. Read, leader.

—William Arrowsmith, son of Mr. James Arrowsmith, of Gallitzin, was fatally injured in a mine at Wolfsburg, Col., and died on Monday of last week. The remains were taken to Blossburg, Tioga county, for interment. The deceased left Gallitzin for Colorado about one year ago. He was twenty-four years of age.

—The large frame brewery and dwelling house owned by Mr. Daniel Reitzman, in Altoona, were burned to the ground on Thursday morning about one o'clock, together with a large amount of brewery supplies, furniture, etc. The loss is estimated at $20 000 on which there an insurance of $10 000. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin.

—At the convent chapel of the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Anoka, Minnesota, on Wednesday, December 12, 1888, Sister M. Alphonsus Liguori, known in the world as Miss Mary A. Doran, of Wilmore, this county, took the final vows and received the veil of the order from the hands of the Right Reverend Bishop England, of the diocese of St. Paul, Minn.

—The Bell's Gap railroad company, of which Charles F. Berwind is president, is considering plans for an extension of its road into Jefferson county to develop new coal and lumber districts. It has a rival in a new company which is locating a route from Kittanning, on the Allegheny Valley road, to Perrysville, tapping the same region.—*Altoona Tribune.*

—The Court House officials on Monday last on the retirement of Ex-Sheriff Gray from among their number, took the occasion to present him with a handsome silver snuff box. The presentation speech was was made by M. D Kittell, Esq., in a happy manner and the retiring officer who was taken unawares responded by returning his thanks to the generous donors.

—Mr. Augustine Shaffner, of Clearfield township, residing about one mile east of St. Augustine, on Tuesday, January 15th, will dispose of a large amount of personal property, consisting of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, farming implements of every description, harness, hay, corn oats, rye, etc. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M., when a reasonable credit will be given.

—George W Sutter, of Jefferson county, has been awarded $1,200 damages from the township of Young for an injury received by the overturning of a sled loaded with boards, caused by a deep gutter or rut in the road. This is another warning to township supervisors to keep an eye on the roads if they wish to prevent accidents which almost always result with bill of damages.

—John S. Mason, a resident of Millmont, Union county, who was employed as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, fell from a freight train on Sunday morning at the East end of the Tunnell and instantly killed. He was not missed from his train until after its arrival at Altoona when he was found to be missing. The deceased was about twenty-one years of age and had been railroading for about a year.

—In Pennsylvania according to the decision of the Supreme Court of the State, in the case of Benson et al vs. Maxwell et al., a married woman has a right to loan money to her husband and to take security therefore, or to receive payment therefor by conveyance of his property. She stands exactly in the same position as any other creditor would, and he has a right to prefer her claim as well as that of any other creditor.

—In order to close out her stock before moving Mrs R. E. Jones will reduce by the latter part of this week a large amount of goods, including ladies' and childrens' coats and wraps, plush coats and wraps, ladies' and children's wool and mixed hose, gloves, underwear, skirts, hats, handkerchiefs, etc., also cloths, cashmeres, table cloths, towels, and bed spreads, and odds and ends of different kinds of goods.

—It is proposed to amend the present license laws of the State in several particulars. A member from Allegheny presents the changes in the lower house. One is that applicants for license may get their bondsmen anywhere in the county, and not be confined to the borough, ward or township in which the license is asked for. The other proposition is to take the licensing power from the Quarter Sessions court, and place it in the hands of a special board of commissioners to be appointed by the court.

—A piano tuner who says that pianos frequently deteriorate because they are allowed to become too dry, prescribes this remedy: "Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there's something wrong with it. Just try it, and see how much more water you'll have to put in the flower pot in the room where your piano is in than in any other room. Some people keep a hugh vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge in it, near or under the piano, and keep it moistened just as a cigar dealer does his stock. They keep this up all the time the fires are on."

—The many friends of Register and Recorder Celestine J. Blair and his estimable wife will be sory to learn of the deep afflictions that they have been called upon to bear in the past few days. On Thursday of last week, Manuelets, a bright and interesting little daughter, aged about four years was stricken with membraneous croup and her remains were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Sunday last. On Tuesday evening another little daughter, aged about three years breathed her last, being a victim of the same dread disease. The sympathies of the entire community go out to the grief stricken parents.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., still continues to knock the bottom out of high prices for spot cash or trade as follows: Sugar, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents per pound; teas, 35, 50 and 70 cents per pound; coffee, 15, 23 and 25 cents per pound; 5 boxes coffee essence, 10 cents; 5 papers baking soda, 10 cents; 5 boxes (1000) matches, 10 cents; 6 pieces good soap, 25 cents; 5 pounds oatmeal, 25 cents; 4 pounds barley, 25 cents; 3 pounds potash or lye, 25 cents; 2 brooms, 25 cents; 5 gal. lamp oil, 50 cents; 1 gal. best syrup, 50 cents; flour $1 25 per sack; salt, $1 25 per barrel. All other goods at equally low prices for spot cash or trade, yet we refuse no neighbor a short accommodation 30 or 60 days.

—We learn that A. T. Pindle, Esq., agent, etc., for "The Cambria Land Company," has recently sold to a capitalist, for cash and a good price, a considerable body of the coal, only, underlying lands owned by the above named company situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county. The indications strongly point to the early railroad development of the extensive and valuable mineral, timber and other natural resources of the Blacklick region, and the company referred to is undoubtedly aiding that object by inviting capitalists to purchase portions of the thousands of acres of superior soft coal lands which it owns in that locality, and thus mutually distributing the interest in opening up its products to railroad traffic.—*Altoona Times.*

—On Monday night Ex-Sheriff Gray gave an oyster supper at the Central Hotel, to which he invited the members of the bar, the officials about the Court House and numerous other friends. Everything passed off pleasantly and all united in expressions of regret at the close of Sheriff Gray's official career. During his term of office he was obliging, careful and prompt in the discharge of his official duties while in the execution of the harsher concomitants of the Sheriff's office he was generous and humane and caused as little distress to the unfortunate debtors from whom he was obliged to collect as was possible in the execution of his official duties. Sheriff Gray has many friends in Ebensburg who will be sorry to miss his accustomed presence.

—The following account of the death of Miss Rettie Loperta, who with her parents formerly resided in Ebensburg, we take from the Huntingdon *Local News*: "Miss Rachel Roberts, daughter of Mr. John Roberts, died at the residence of her parents in Petersburg Friday afternoon. Deceased was an estimable young lady, who during her sojourn in Huntingdon had formed a large circle of acquaintances, who will be sorry to hear of her demise. Two weeks ago she was in the enjoyment of health, but the insidious foe both of the home and the medical profession, diphtheria, sought her out, and after nine days of struggle she succumbed to its ravages, death ensuing about 3 o'clock. Deceased was in the 21 year of her age. She was a member of the Methodist church. Funeral at two o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., Jan 9th, 1889.

ED FREEMAN:—Charles Dishart, of Carroll township, died on Friday last, aged about 45 years. He leaves a wife and seven children. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery, this place, on Sunday afternoon.

It is very likely there will soon be a change in the management of the Carroll town *News*, as parties are negotiating for the purchase, which, if accomplished, the new paper spoken of in these items some time since will not be started.

Mr Peter Yahner, one of the proprietors of the planing mill in this place, on Saturday met with an accident which we hope may not cause the loss of the sight of his left eye. While working with a jig-saw it broke, a piece of the steel flying up and penetrating the ball of the eye.

Of the improvements to our town contemplated in the early spring we notice that Mr Frederick Eger has purchased the two Libby lots on Main street and will erect a fine dwelling on one of them.

Residences on a number of the lots sold recently from the Monastery farm will be also erected in the spring.

Mrs. Martin Rist still continues to be very ill.

Mr H. O Stolz and wife, of Renova, are here visiting old-time friends.

There was an oil excitement in town on Saturday. The price fell to a cent per gallon during the day, and in the evening it flowed free as water. It is now quoted at 7 cents per gallon with an upward tendency.

On account of the extremely wet werther last fall a lot of corn and potatoes still remain in our farmer's fields.

Pine squirrels in large numbers are appearing in our forests of late, very few having been seen during the fall.

Mr. C. A. Sharbaugh, our popular clothier, has been confined to his room with a bad cold for several days, but he is improving fast.

Prof. Itel, of Johnstown, has secured our borough school building for the purpose of teaching a normal school in the spring, providing he can get sufficient encouragement, all of which there is no doubt. TOM.

Hastings Clippings.

HASTINGS, Jan. 2 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—We are glad to see that St. Boniface has a correspondent to the FREEMAN.

Henry Miller, who was visiting friends in Wilkesbarre, has returned home on account of sickness.

Mrs. Yahner, wife of Mr Francis Yahner, of near St. Boniface, died on the 1st of the present month of that terrible disease, consumption. The deceased was about 50 years of age and was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Eckenrode, of Carroll township. She was was married almost 26 years ago and was the mother of six children, five of whom survive her. Mrs. Yahner and Mrs John Bearer, who also died on the same day and near the same hour, were both married at the same Mass in Carrolltown and buried on the same day, Mrs. Yahner being buried at St. Boniface and Mrs. Bearer at Carrolltown. Father Anthony served as one of the altar boys at the wedding and, as one of the priests, served Mass at Mrs Yahner's funeral. She was a good Catholic, a kind and affectionate mother and a model woman, and the entire community mourn the loss of such an estimable lady.

Messrs. Wm Makinzie and E. Matley spent last Sunday at St. Boniface. These gentlemen belonged to the engineer corps that located the railroad to this place and are now at work on a road from La Jose, down the Chest creek to McGee's, from there up the river to Burnside and thence up the Chest creek.

There are now about twenty car loads of coke being shipped from this place daily and also, a large amount of coal. We claim to have one of the best qualities of coal in the State and next summer will show some of the largest trains of coal ever seen in Cambria county. Our town means business and will soon be a large one. SLICK.

Argument Court.

Court convened on Monday with Judge Johnston on the bench. Sheriff elect J. C. Stineman and Jury Commissioners Celestine J. Buck and Oliver Evans were respectively sworn to perform their official duties.

The following cases on the argument list were disposed of as follows:

Conrad Suppes vs. Johnstown Lumber Co. Motion for new trial. Argued and C. A. V.

Michael Donohue vs. Theodore Judy. Motion for new trial. Argued and C. A. V.

Theo. Mackin et ux. vs. Wm. Custer. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

Rule to show cause on William Cook, Assignee of C. S. Aldridge. Rule discharged.

C. H. Ellis vs. John Morgan et al. Petition to open judgment. Struck off the list.

S. B. Corn vs. C. A. Pierson et al. Rule to open judgment. Judgment opened as to C. A. Pierson.

Use J. M. Weistling vs. Hugh Bradley. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

The J. M. Weistling vs. Dr. D. V. Evans. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

Use J. M. Weistling vs. Joseph Mastus. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

Use J. M. Weistling vs. Elizabeth Mastus et al. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

Use J. M. Weistling vs. Geo. F. Randolph. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

Use J. M. Weistling vs. W. A. Stewart. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

In re-extension of limits of East Conemaugh Bor. Rule discharged.

Road in East Taylor township. Continued.

Michael Scherle vs. Archibald Nichol. Rule to show cause. Service set aside.

H. L. Williams vs. H. Robino & Co. Rule to show cause. Continued.

Mrs. Henry Scheid, Plaintiff in Error vs. Use Upper Yoder township. Defendant in Error. Argued and C. A. V.

Commonwealth ex rel. Ed. Bishop, et al. Lower Yoder township. Continued.

Road in Upper Yoder township. Argued and C. A. V.

John Stahler vs. L. A. Craver. Bill in Equity. Struck off list.

Gates, Son & Co. vs A. H. Fiske & Co. Bill in equity. Argued C. A. V.

Johnstown borough vs. M. J. Kenady. Case stated. Argued C. A. V.

Rule on Alfred Ashton, Esq., to show cause, &c. Continued until first Monday of March.

In re petition of Wm. and Margret Switzler for Rule to show cause, &c. Disposed of.

In re Rule to show cause on W. A. Noel. Disposed of.

Joseph Rapp vs. Langbein & Thomas. Liquidation. Liquidated at $197,37.

Commonwealth vs. Robert J. Williams. Petition. Disposed of.

P. & A. Flynn vs. A. J. Farabaugh. Petition to open judgment. Continued.

Eyaville Coal Co. vs. James McEwen & Son. Certiorari. Proceedings reversed.

I Have

Been a sufferer from catarrh for the past eight years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify with pleasure that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 524 Grand Av., Brooklyn.

The Storm.

PITTSBURG, Jan 9.—A terrible wind and rain storm passed over this city about 12:30 o'clock this afternoon, during which a large building in course of erection on Diamond street collapsed, carrying twenty workmen to the ground and burfing at least twenty more in the ruins. Twelve are known to have been killed outright, six others fatally and about thirty seriously injured.

At the hour mentioned a new four-story building on Diamond street, near Wood, and in the rear of Rea Bros. & Co. and J. R. Weldin & Co.'s stores, on Wood street, fell with an awful crash which was heard for many squares, and although people could not understand what was wrong, the ominous sound sent a thrill of horror through their hearts.

The force of the falling building was so great that the rear walls of the two other buildings mentioned were crushed as if they had been made of paper, and their front walls fell upon the pavement on Wood street, burying several people in the debris and mangling some horribly. Of these two were a girl and a boy and one a man, unknown, all of whom were taken in the patrol wagon to the Homeopathic Hospital.

A barber shop in the rear was also demolished and its six occupants buried in the ruins The top story in the rear of Eichbaum's building on Fifth avenue was also knocked in, and three printers who were working there were injured, but how severely cannot be learned at present.

Up to this time, 2:30 o'clock, twenty persons have been taken from the ruins. How many more are underneath the debris, which is piled fully twenty feet high on Diamond street, cannot be stated, but it is believed that at least a score more are still held prisoners or perhaps are dead. As fast as they are taken from the ruins they are being conveyed to the various hospitals in the city.

READING, Pa., January 9.—This was the saddest night in the history of Reading. A deathlike pall hangs over the city as a result of the most horrible event in its history. A hundred households are in mourning as a result of one of the greatest calamities in Pennsylvania. A cyclone swept over the northern section of the city and laid waste everything within its reach, and with terrible loss of life, and the most reliable computation at 10 o'clock to-night is that not less than sixty persons have been killed outright and one hundred injured.

The storm struck the paint shop of the Reading Railroad company, a one story building about 50x150 feet in size where thirty men are employed in hauling passenger cars. Eight or nine new cars which were built at a cost of $6,000 each were in the building. The building was struck square in the middle and bricks were scattered about as if they were playthings. The cars were tured topsy-turvy, while the men were buried under the debris. Some of the bricks were carried a square away. The chamber of each of the passenger cars was already filled with gas, as they were ready to be taken out on the road in a few days. These exploded with the fearful bang of cannon. Gasoline in the building added fuel to the flames.

Twenty of the men in the building had a chance to crawl out of the debris, but four of their companions were enveloped in the flames and though their cries were heard their voices were soon hushed in death.

The Reading Silk Mill where 175 girls were working was struck in the centre and it fell to pieces like a pile of building blocks. Girls with blackened faces, bruised and broken limbs dragged themselves from the ruins. Probably 75 to 100 escaped or were dragged out, but the rest were left in the wreck. The Associated Press representative entered what was once the basement of the building and, groping his way through the debris, met a horrible sight, bodies of the victims being in all sorts of postures. In one place five bodies of young girls were lying close together, pinioned down, and it was impossible to get them out. They were dead, and beyond all human aid. Up to half-past 10 o'clock to-night probably a dozen of dead have been taken out, while the greater portion of the remainder were under the ruins. The work of rescue will be pushed, but it will be far into to-morrow before all the bodies are taken out. Hopes are entertained that some of those inside are still living.

School Report.

Average Enrolled. attendance.

TEACHERS.	Room	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Visits.
Allie Lloyd	1	22	29	51	25	35	60	
Effie Myers	2	27	13	40	30	16	45	
Mollie Evans	3	14	14	28	12	13	25	
Annie Jones	4	17	10	27	21	14	35	
A. R. Read	5	8	12	20	12	16	28	
Totals		88	78	166	102	104	206	

Report of Ebensburg school for month ending Dec. 26, 1888.

Class leaders, Room No. 5, A class, Annie Maloney; B class, Jennie Bower. Room No. 4, A class, John James; B class, Edith Myers. Room No. 3, A class, Flola Mills; B class, Allie Jones. Room No. 2, A class, Olney Davis; B class, Herbie Evans. Room No. 1, A class, Carrie Garman; B class, June Davis; C class, David Ludwig.

Pupils present every day. Room 5, Jennie Bower, Ella Kirschner.

Room 4, Fred Jones, Charles Weaklen, John James, Annie Shields, Mary McBreen, Annie Frederick, Gertie Bower, Annie Davison, Edith Myers, Annie Mills.

Room 3, Harry Shinefelt, Monnie Murray, Gertie Crouse, Allie Jones, Ada Jones, May Davis, Sadie Bolsinger.

Room 2, Ollie Connell, Peter Ludwig, Herschell Evans, Olney Davis, Eddie Davison, Dellie Chute, Hervie Evens, Robbie Bolsinger, Elmer Davis, Myrtle James, Maud Shinefelt, Jennie Evans, Annie Owens, Bessie Evans.

Room 1, Frank Berky, Walter Jones, Clifford Jones, Rhode Ritter, Arthur Evans, Edson Hill, Frank Hetler, Lloyd Read, Gideon Downy, Bertie Connell, Jessie Evans, David Ludwig, Joseph Crouse, Mary Connell, Florence Evans, Carrie Garman, Ethel Shields, Sibbie Shields, Jane Davis, Nettie Evans, Emma Evans, Bessie James, Clara James, Edith Barker, Annie Hitchue.

All the News from the State Capital.

The *Harrisburg Daily Patriot*, containing full Associated Press news and attractive special matter, will be sent by mail to any address at the following rates: $5 00 per year; $2.50 for six months; $1.25 for three months; or 45 cents per month, cash with order.

The *Harrisburg Weekly Patriot*, a large double sheet with latest news to date of publication, literary, agricultural, scientific and miscellaneous reading, will be sent by mail to any subscriber at the rate of $1 00 per annum cash with the order.

The *Weekly Patriot* and the CAMBRIA FREEMAN both for $2 25 per annum

Address: Patriot Publishing Co., 320 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., or the Publisher of this paper.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Fetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Gray on Monday last sold the following properties at sheriff sale:

The property of James F. Gallaher in Reade township, was sold to James S. Gallaher for $525.

The land of Samuel E. and Emma M. Croyle, in Upper Yoder township, was bought by John P. Linton, Esq., for $568.

The right, title and interest of Aaron Layton in a lot of ground in Stonycreek township, was purchased by John Metzler for $671.

The assigned interest of william Litz to J. E Strayer to lot of ground in Johnstown borough, was bought by Henry G. Ludwig for $410.

The sale of the Stakeman property in the Sixth ward Johnstown was stayed.

The sale of the different tracts of land belonging to P. and A. Flynn, and James Flynn were put up, but by direction of Judge Johnston, the bids on the same were held over until March term of court. A. A. Stevens, Esq., of Tyrone, representing the creditors, was the principal bidder upon these properties, the aggregate bids amounting to over $10 000.

In Memoriam.

At the Teachers' Institute on Friday last the following memorial resolutions were reported by the special committee and adopted unanimously by the institute:

WHEREAS It has pleased Almighty God, the Dispenser of all things, to remove from our midst our late and lamented County Superintendent, Prof. William J. Cramer, therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death the teachers of Cambria county have lost an earnest worker and faithful leader in the cause of education, the schools of the county an efficient officer, and the community at large a useful and honorable citizen.

Resolved, That he deserves the highest encomiums for the courageous manner in which he discharged his duties under failing health and for the personal sacrifices he made in not allowing upon his invalid condition to interfere with the discharge of his responsible work.

Resolved, That we, the teachers of the county, do appreciate the able manner in which he conducted and discharged the duties of his office during his brief career, the zeal he possessed for his work, and the love he bore to his fellow-teachers.

Resolved, That with a full sense of our loss of a faithful friend and co-worker, we deeply sympathize with his family and friends in the greater loss and bereavement which they sustain by his untimely removal from their midst.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the papers of the county and Pennsylvania *School Journal* for publication, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

J. S. FOLEY, Chairman;
C. F. GALLAGHER,
BID REILLY,
RENEL SOMERVILLE,
KATE D. JENKINS,
A. R. READ,
ANNIE MCGLADE,
THOS J. ITELL.

Communication.

EBENSBURG, Jan. 8th, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN: The citizens of this borough would like to know why the street lamps are kept burning when we have moonlight and left in darkness when we have no moonlight. TAXPAYER.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Jan. 9th, 1889:

James M. Carney, Millville borough and Sarah Ellen Hart, Yoder township.

Thomas Cush and Mary C. McPike, Cambria borough.

Henry C. Bridge and Ellen E. O'Neill, Westmoreland county.

George W. Bowers and Martha Elizabeth Grove, East Conemaugh.

Harvey C. Smith, Coalport Clearfield county and Mary J. Dixton, Reade township.

Edgar E. Faight and Alice Barkley, East Conemaugh.

Stephen Surkey and Carolina Parolsky, Tunnelhill borough.

Charles Edwards and Ida May Walker, Summerhill Hill borough.

DIED.

SUTTON—Died at her home in Clearfield township, on Friday, January 4th, 1889, Mrs. Mary Sutton, wife of David Sutton, aged about 60 years.

BLAIR—Died at the residence of her parents in Ebensburg on Friday, January 4th, 1889, from croup, Manneiets, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Celestine J. Blair, of Ebensburg, aged about 4 years.

BLAIR—Died at the home of her parents in Ebensburg on Tuesday, January 8th, 1889, Nellie, daughter of Celestine J. and Kate Blair, aged about 3 years.

DISHART—Died at the residence of his brother, Mr. Andrew Dishart in Cambria township, on Saturday, January 5th, 1889 Mr. Charles Dishart, aged about 42 years. Mr Dishart was taken sick with typhoid fever near Ashville, where he had been working for some time, and continuing to grow worse he was taken to to the home of his brother, who resides about three miles east of Ebensburg about a week previous to his death. His remains were taken to Carrolltown on Sunday for interment.

RYAN—Died at his home in Clearfield township on Tuesday, January 1st, 1889, Mr. James A. Ryan, in the 66 year of his age.

The deceased was born in county KilKenny, Ireland, on the 4th July, 1823, and came to this country in 1859. In 1853 he was married in Hollidaysburg to Miss Alice McConesty and two years afterwards removed to Clearfield township where he resided up to the time of his death. His widow and nine children survive him, one son Patrick, who resides in Altoona, and eight daughters, two of whom Mrs. Alice Adams, widow of Peter Adams, and Miss Mary reside in Altoona; Julia A. is a sister of Charity; Mrs. Ellen Link resides in Clearfield township, and Maggie, Kattie, Jenny, Susan and Matilda are at home. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Augustine on Friday last. May his soul rest in peace.

Thou art gone forever dearest father,
None can ever fill thy place,
But happy is the consolation
Thou hast chosen a better place.

For thee, our stricken hearts are lonely.
Our souls are drear and sad,
Twas your bright presence only
That made our spirits glad.

Dearest mother, sister, brother,
To his counsil we shall bow,
He has gone from earth to heaven—
We have no father now. S. M. R.

DAVIS—Died at her home in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, January 8th, 1889, Mrs. Ann Davis wife of Richard L. Davis, aged about 55 years.

The deceased was born in Wales and came to this country with her father the late William Howell, when yet a young girl. Previous to her leaving Wales, while working in a woolen factory she unfortunately got her left arm caught in the machinery and it had to be amputated at the shoulder. She was, however, very handy with her one arm, was an industrious and good woman, a kind and obliging neighbor and in case of sickness she was ever ready to do anything to alleviate the suffering. On Wednesday afternoon her remains were taken to the Congregational church, of which she had long been a devoted member, where the funeral services were held, after which her remains were laid to rest in Lloyd's Cemetery. She leaves to mourn her loss, a husband, one daughter, Mrs. R. D. Davis, of Johnstown, a brother, William Howell, of Cambria township, and a sister Mrs. Price of Nebraska.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county, will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 140 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank L house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in a good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

When you want posters printed call at this office.

FOR SALE.—House and lot in Ebensburg, Pa. A never failing spring, stable and outbuilding on premises. Inquire at E. Dutton & Son, hardware store, Ebensburg. Oct. 12, 1888.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the annual election for directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the secretary in Ebensburg on Monday, January 14th, 1889, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Dec. 14, 1888.

STRAY BULL.—Strayed away from the subscriber residing in Cambria township on or about the 15th or 20th of November last a dark red bull about 18 months old with white star on forehead and white on point of tail. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by the subscriber. PATRICK FARREN.

Cambria Twp., Dec. 21, 1888.

WHO WOULD BE WITHOUT A HOME.—The Beech Grove Coal and Coke company, located at Gallitzin, Pa., offer to sell seven hundred (700) Lots on the sunny side of Tunnel Hill, not more than four hundred yards from churches and school houses. As there will be pure water running through this district in less than a year, and the Lots are located in the midst of a prosperous section the investment cannot fail to be profitable. We will sell these Lots on monthly payments so that all who wish may have a home. All communications should be addressed to THOMAS BRADLEY,

Gallitzin, Pa.

Dec. 14, 1888.—3m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas letters of administration on the estate of Jesse McGough, late of Portage township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay and those having claims against the same will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH McGOUGH,
Admr. of Jesse McGough, dec'd.

Portage township, Nov. 30, 1888.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Hotel of Mrs. Brookbank, in the borough of Ashville, Cambria county, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 26, '89,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following described property, to wit:

No. 1. A certain piece or parcel of land, situate in Chest township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Charles Gill, Michael Cronour, George Crook, Jacob Dietrick and others; containing 56 acres more or less.

No. 2. All the coal and other minerals lying, being, in, upon and under a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Chest township, aforesaid; adjoining lands of Charles Gill, Anthony Gill, Michael Cronour and others; containing 43 acres more or less.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, the balance of the one-third on confirmation thereof, and the balance in two equal annual payments thereof with interest, deferred payments to be secured by judgment notes of the purchasers.

JAMES W. MYERS,
Assignee of Samuel Gill.

Ashville, Pa., Jan. 4, 1889.

STATE of Pennsylvania, County of Cambria.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Elizabeth Dunn, Lonewood county, Meath, Ireland; Robert Dunn, and Michael Dunn, Lonewood, county, Meath, Ireland; Matthew Dunn, Altoona, Blair county, Pa.; Mary Dunn, Longwood county, Meath, Ireland; Bessie Dunn, Greensburg, Pa.; Ed. L. Dunn, ——, Annie Dunn, Greensburg, Pa.; Kate Parrish, Pittsburg, Pa.; John S. Parrish, Pittsburg, Pa.; Agnes Dunn, Pittsburg, Pa.; Daniel, Maggie, Peter, James and John Dunn, Altoona, Pa., Peter, James and John being minors.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court at Ebensburg, in and for said county on the first Monday of March next, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the Court should not decree specific performance of contract between Patrick Dunn, deceased, and Matthew Dunn for certain tract or lot or lots of land situated in the borough of Ogden, Clearfield county, Pa.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Dec. 14, 1888.

BE WISE!
BOOTS AND SHOES DRESSED WITH
Wolff's ACME Blacking
NEVER GET HARD AND STIFF,
Always look neat. Equally good for Men's, Women's or Child's Shoes. No blacking brush required, and the polishing is done in three minutes without labor. WATERPROOF and warranted to preserve leather, and keeps it soft and durable.
Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.
Try it on your Harness.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

1794. 1889.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y,
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 24, 1882.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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For Everybody.
Do you know that for one dollar you can buy one full quart of pure
Eight-Year Old Export Guckenheimer Whiskey
At the Old Reliable Drug House
—OF—
JOSEPH FLEMING,
No. 84 Market Street.
A whiskey that has stood the test and has met with such continued success and popularity that it is now conceded by everybody to be the purest and finest whisky that can be obtained at any price. We know that it merits the thousands of flattering comments we are continually receiving. We know the care we have given it to merit these comments. We know it has the age we advertise. There is hardly a mail that does not bring us kind words regarding our pure old Export Whisky.
Our prices remain as heretofore: One full quart $1.00, or six for $5.00.
Old ryport or California wines. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Securely and neatly packed and expressed or shipped according to directions. Address
JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
DRUGGISTS.
84 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
Jan. 4, 1889—1yr.

Duff's Mercantile Colleges
Pittsburgh
The oldest and best institution for obtaining a Business Education. We have successfully prepared thousands of young men for the active duties of life. For Circulars address
P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.
Nov. 28, 1888.

The Tail End of Old 1888
AND
The Beginning of 1889
will be made memorable by WOOLF, SON & THOMAS for low prices. Our Overcoat Department is teeming with Bargains. Words and figures cannot possibly convey a correct idea of the manner in which we have cut the prices

History of Money.

The "root of all evil," as it is generally called, I was going to say almost antedates the human race. Lead, pewter and tin have each been coined into money. Coins of the former are still circulated in Burmah, and tin money served the purposes of trade in Tyre and Sidon before the building of Solomon's Temple, while halfpence and farthings were struck from the same metal in England as late as the regin of William and Mary. Roman coins of tin are abundant. Lycurgus established an iron coinage for the Lacedemons, making it of such weight and bulk as to forbid export, but depriving it of metallic value by plugging, while heated, in vinegar, so destroying malleability. These coins were the largest upon record; the smallest is the Portuguese rei of silver, too small to be actually coined, and of value the nineteenth part of an English penny. A few pieces of coin are still annually struck at the British mint, called Maundy money, and distributed by Her Majesty in alms. The most diminutive of these is the silver penny.

Of gold coins, the purest known in history was the Tuscan sequin, which contained 999 parts of gold in 1000. Both gold and silver are too soft for use as currency without some alloy. In English gold coinage there is 816.66 and in silver 925 parts of pure metal in each 1000. The old Scots' money previous to 1707 was in pounds, shillings and pence, but as these were only a twelfth of the value of sterling money, a pound Scots' was only twenty pence sterling.

No coin was ever made to represent a pound, which term was originally employed to signfy a pound weight of silver, but finally to mean twenty shillings, by count. Guineas took their name from Guinea, in Africa, whence came the gold from which they were made. The piece is no longer coined, but the term is used to indicate twenty-one shillings. Fees and gifts are usually reckoned in guineas, though paid in other money.

Gold is estimated by an imaginary standard of twenty-four carats. Thus, if in a piece of gold weighing twenty-four carats there be 4.24 of alloy, then the gold is twenty carats fine. Coin silver is 900 fine. The first silver coins were authorized in 1762, and struck at the Philadelphia Mint in 1794.

Better Than Smoke for Bees.

The British Bee Journal gives the following as a better way of quieting bees than by smoke: One and a half ounces Calvert's No. 5 carbolic acid, one and a half ounces glycerine, one quart of warm water. The acid and glycerine to be well mixed before adding the water, and the bottle to be well shaken before using.

A piece of calico, or preferably cheese cloth, sufficiently large to cover the top of the hive, should be steeped in this solution, wrung out dry, and spread over the hive on the removal of the quilt, when every bee will quickly disappear below, and manipulation may be slowly and quietly performed without annoyance from the bees. The same plan is effectual in driving the bees out of section cases. From unsealed sections they often refuse to budge, but a little blowing through the strainer will always dislodge them. All of our sections are thus removed, and we have never experienced the slightest scent of flavor of the carbolic acid attaching to the comb or honey. This unpleasant result occurs only to bunglers, who either use too strong a solution or do not wring out the carbolized sheet sufficiently dry, and besprinkle the comb honey with the solution, and charge the evil result of their stupidity on those who recommend the process.

The strength of the solution quickly passes away, as the acid evaporates when exposed to the air.

Don't Fight the Team.

If a horse shows signs of stubbornness or contrariness, just get mad yourself, and you can rest assured you are fixed for the rest of the day, as long as you want to keep it up. Horses, like men, are generally set in their ways, and when a horse with only moderate sense gets into trouble with a man with only moderate sense the two generally have a "monkey and parrot time" from morning till night. Well-bred horses are seldom stubborn and unruly, and in this respect there is a striking analogy between horses and men. Horses docile, obedient and tractable in the hands of one man are vicious and unruly in the hands of another. The reason is, the one knows how to manage them, the other does not. Bad dispositions are generally the result of bad handling. A few slaps and jerks, accompanied by a little sharp talk or a few fierce yells, get the most gentle horse clear beside himself and ready to to worry and fret the remainder of the day. The more quiet and steady you keep your horses the better it will be for them, yourself and all concerned.

Women Can Economize.

Economy indeed! Why most women have forgotten more about the subject than any man except a miser ever knew. The miser makes economy a profession and practices until he is perfect, but among unprofessionals, that is amateurs, the wife can reduce expenses so pleasantly and gracefully that the husband thinks his salary has been increased. If he attempts to do it he fills the house with smoke from cheap coal, gives the children watered milk until they can no more stand on end than a piece of rubber, and makes the household feel that the best thing they can do is to starve to death.

A woman, on the contrary, can cut down a little here and a little more there, until at the end of the year you find that both ends will meet when you thought them several miles apart.

Some men don't believe this, but they are bilious and totally depraved.

THERE is a great waste of fertilizing material by drainage from the barnyard. It turned into cisterns, pumped out and spread over grass fields it would wonderfully increase their productiveness.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

THE PITTSBURGH POST
--1889--

A Great Newspaper for the Coming Year.

Its Daily Issue Bright, Newsy and Enterprising,

Its Weekly the Largest Democratic Weekly in the Union.

THE PITTSBURGH DAILY POST

For the year 1888 will continue with redoubled every the triumphal endeavor to send out the best Democratic daily in the Union. Its progress the last year indicates its future enterprise. In all departments that constitute a great metropolitan daily it will compete with the foremost. Its telegraphic facilities by special correspondents at all the great news centers will be of the most far reaching and thorough character. Its market reports, local and telegraphic, covering every branch of trade, have won a wide reputation for reliability and fulness. They will be continued and advanced in the same line. Its editorial, news and local departments will be maintained with added vigor and enterprise. The 1889 will be a memorable one in our political and business history, and promises to see the conclusion of the great battle waged on the questions of Tariff Reform and Reduced Taxation. No one who desires to be well informed and abreast of the times can do without his daily paper, bringing him in close touch with the whole world of business, industry, finance, legislation and politics. Washington and Harrisburg will be alike great centers of news. The Old World is on the verge of a volcano of war and revolution. THE PITTSBURG DAILY POST will print all the news.

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By agent or carrier, at 10c. per week.
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—THE—
Pittsburgh Weekly Post,
12 Pages Each Week—84 Columns of Reading Matter,

Is the largest Democratic Weekly in the Union; and the aim of the publishers is to make it a welcome instructive and entertaining visitor at the family fireside. In addition to a choice variety of literary and miscellaneous matter, THE WEEKLY POST will publish during the year a number of SERIAL TALES by the BEST AMERICAN and FOREIGN NOVELISTS. In book form each of these meritorious works would cost more than the yearly subscription.

Bret Harte's latest serial story, "Crisey," will commence publication in THE POST early next month. It will run for about 10 weeks, and will be immediately followed by another either by Rider Haggard, or some novelist of equal reputation. The fiction department of THE POST will be one of its most interesting and attractive features.

The cattle, produce and grain markets, especially prepared for the weekly edition, will be full and reliable. The news departments will be complete, giving each week the world's history for the week. Able correspondents at Washington, Harrisburg, New York and other important points at home and abroad, will contribute graphic letters on men and events. And, finally, in its political expressions, THE WEEKLY POST will be as it always has been, a thorough-going, unflinching and aggressive Democratic journal. It will bear its part in the great battle of Tariff Reform and Tax Reduction, until a glorious triumph crowns the cause of the people.

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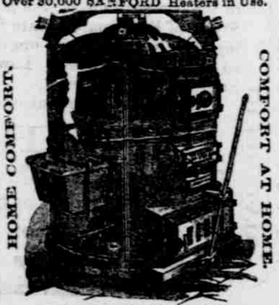

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DO YOU READ
The Pittsburg Times?

No! Well then send for a sample copy and become acquainted. Recollect, the price of this great daily paper is only

$3 PER YEAR.

If you take it at once you will always do so.

THE PITTSBURG TIMES is certainly the cheapest, as it is one of the best papers published in the United States. Address,

THE TIMES,
Pittsburg, Penn'a.

Kitchen Conveniencies.

A soap box lined with stout wrapping paper neatly pasted in and covered externally with cretonne, while the cover is hinged on, makes a handy receptacle for clean dish towels and kitchen aprons.

Kitchen conveniences are nothing without they are right here, just where you can get them when needed. For example, take holders. How often we need one on the instant, before we have time to think of getting it. For this reason it is well to imitate the fashionable woman's chatelaine, though in a more prosaic manner, by having a holder tucked into an apron pocket and fastened to the band by a tape.

Sharp knives should not be kept in a drawer. Take a piece of wood—an old box cover, for instance—about a foot long, and cover it neatly with dark-colored canton flannel tacking it on with small brass nails around the edge. Fasten strips of leather wide enough to hold the knives across the front, and hang against the wall and the knives will always be ready when wanted.

Papers should be supplied for the pantry shelves, either plain white or the gaily colored cut borders that come for the purpose. The latter show dirt less than the white, and are not costly. An excellent plan is to cover the shelves with white marble oil-cloth, tacked on neatly, that the edges may not curl. This can be wiped off with a damp cloth at less expenditure of time and labor than would be required to scrub the bare shelves. The bright papers may still be used along the edge.

Very few women know the possibilities of tin cans, such as canned fruit and vegetables come in. By placing a can on a hot stove a very few minutes will suffice to loosen the rim so that it can be lifted off; soak off the paper label and you have a bright tin can. These are convenient for setting away a little milk or cream, for heating a little water, and numerous other uses will be found for them. They do not break like an earthen dish, are not easily upset and are readily kept clean.

Tricks of Insurance.

Nobody knows what an insurance policy means until he has been burned out. The proprietor of a Buffalo repair shop has been for years carrying a policy not only upon his goods, but also upon articles left with him for repairs. These latter were specially mentioned in the policy, which was a very broad instrument in its terms and appeared to be "horse high, bull strong and pig tight" in its power to protect the man who paid for it. It called for a larger amount than he would have placed upon his own property alone, and he was in the habit of telling people who left their property with him that it was amply protected. He was burned out the other day, and when he came to settle with the insurance people they declined to recognize his claim in behalf of property left with him for repair unless he had in each instance specifically agreed with the owner that its loss by fire should be made good, and charged a cousideration therefore. They took this position on the ground that he was not otherwise responsible for the property left in his shop. They asserted that a watchmaker, for instance, is not responsible for watches left with him for repairs, unless he makes a special agreement to this effect with their owners, and charges them for it. If this be true it is a good thing for people generally to know. In the case referred to the owner of the repair shop wonders what he has been paying for all these years.

Reading Character by the Teeth.

"The shape and placing of the teeth," says a journal, "are not without significance in the character given by the mouth. When the upper gum shows above the teeth directly the lips are opened, it is a sign of a cold and phlegmatic nature. Short, small teeth are held by physiognomists to denote weakness and short life, while rather long teeth, if evenly set in the head, denote long life. The more the teeth, in point, size, shape and arrangement, approach to those of carnivorous animals, the more violent are the animal instincts in the person, while the more human teeth in shape and position approach to those of the graminivorous animals, the more placid is the character. White, medium-sized and evenly-set teeth, which are seen as soon as the mouth is open, but which are not entirely exposed—that is, which do not at any time show the gums—are a sign of good honest natures. Projecting teeth show rapacity; small retreating teeth, which are rarely seen unless in laughter, show weakness and want of physical and moral courage. The lower teeth projecting and closing over the upper range are indicative of a harsh nature."

A Successful Life.

M. Antoine de Choudens, the music publisher, who made the fortune of his firm by Gounod's "Faust," died in his sixty-third year. Although he was the grandson of Pacini—Rossini's publisher—M. de Choudens began life in a very humble capacity. He was a night clerk in the postoffice, and was but little known in the musical world until 1859, when M. Carvalho induced himto buy the score of "Faust," which had already been produced at the Opera. M. Gconod himself was at that time struggling with adversity, but the remarkable success of his opera soon brought fame to its composer and fortune to its publisher. After this M. de Choudens was enabled to found his celebrated house on the Boulevards at the corner of the Rue Caumartin, which now passes to his sons.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Outhers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloths Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison

THE ONLY DYES
Brilliant Durable Economical

Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos., making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by

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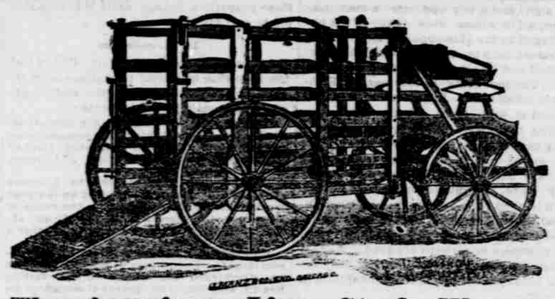

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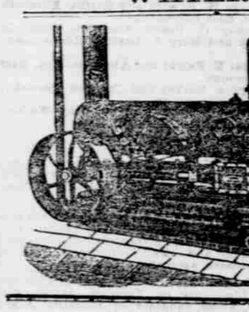

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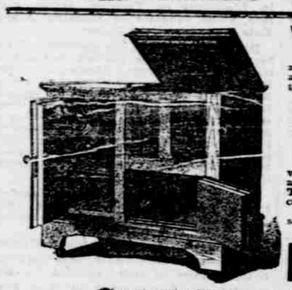

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VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
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Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER,
Ebensburg, April 13, 1888-tf.

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For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1888.-1y.

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DON'T BUY YOUR ARCTICS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE COLCHESTER ARCTIC
with "Outside Counter." Ahead of ALL others in style & durability. If you want the worth of your money try the Colchester with "OUTSIDE COUNTER."
KEPT HERE BY BEST STORES
AT WHOLESALE BY
H. CHILDS & Co.,
PITTSBURG, PA.
Dec. 14, 1888.—4m.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 53 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 26 Reade St., N. Y.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A shiftless son is often his mother's idle.

A sea of seltzer water has been discovered under Saratoga, N.Y.

The oldest known manuscript is part of the Iliad, found in Upper Egypt.

Coal was in use among the ancient Britons before the invasion of the Romans.

When the trees present their naked limbs the corn is always shocked.

Telephones are a great convenience, and yet people are all the time talking against them.

A man near Smithtown, N. Y., has courted a girl over 30 years, and nothing definite yet.

The man who finds fault when his newspaper is damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.

Whiskey is so scarce in Leavenworth, they say, that a man is glad to chew a revenue stamp.

A boy out West has an ear shaped like a violin. That youth has an ear for music and no mistake.

Delays are said to be dangerous, but a large percentage of debtors seem to to be determined to incur danger.

A man always thinks his love letters models of composition till they come up in a breach of promise case.

The girl with a six-foot sweetheart said she wouldn't tell a story, but she couldn't help but "draw a long beau"

It will generally be found that a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's bad manners.

The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. This is a trust that can in no sense be considered unholey.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven.

An 18 year-old negro boy of Marianna, Ark., shot his mother because she was baking a sweet potato for his brother and not for him.

A North Carolina Justice of the Peace fined a citizen $5 for contempt of court in not bring out a pail of water for the justice's horses while he was traveling.

Had Two Hats, But Lost His Head.

M. Lablache, the great singer is very absent-minded. He was recently at Naples, and King Humbert, who was also there, expressed a desire to make his acquaintance. On entering the antechamber in the palace M. LaBlanche found that the gentlemen present were all personal acquaintances of his, and asked him to be allowed to keep his hat on, as he was suffering from a severe cold. A lively conversation was cut short by the entrance of a chamberlain announcing that the King would receive M. Lablache at once. In the momentary confusion the singer forgot that he was wearing his hat, took hold of another which had been placed on a chair near him, and went before his majesty, who at the sight of him burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Utterly confused, M. Lablanche asked humbly to be informed of the King's merriment.

"Let me ask you a question first," replied the King. "Which is your hat, the one you are wearing on your head or the one you carry in your hand?" "Plague take it all!" replied Lablanche joining in the laughter, "truly, two hats are too many for a fellow who has lost his head."

What Sharks will Swallow.

An emigrant ship was on its way to Sydney, when a gentleman dropped a much prized presentation snuff box into the sea. About three days afterward the sailors captured and killed one of several sharks which were playing round the vessel. The lost snuff box was discovered in the stomach of the fish. Mr. Gouldburn, chancellor of the exchequer, said, on hearing this, that an English cruiser had once seized what they believed to be a slaver, but were obliged reluctantly to let her go for want of papers to prove the fact. A fortnight later a shark was caught, and in its body was found a roll of papers which condemned the slaver; they had been thrown overboard. The cruiser hastened in pursuit of the slaver, and seized it just three weeks after the papers had been thrown into the sea.

An Underground Lake.

The lake which was discovered in Huachuca mountains, an account of which appeared in the Prospector, was discovered by Messrs. Robbins and Bunch, of Ash Canyon Spring, while following up a ledge which had been discovered by them. The roof of the cave was entirely dry and the water of the purest quality and as clear as crystal. A number of human bones were found, also some relics of ancient pottery. The cave was explored for 300 feet in in lenght, but no estimate of its extent could be arrived at. The fact that it had not been discovered before is due to the entire absense of any opening existing, until the discoverers of the ledge had picked away some loose rock at a point on the ledge where work had evidently been done many years ago.

It Was Cold Outside.

Down in Santa Cruz they have a jail. It is not a very joysome jail, and a man might be kind of lonely in it if there were no other prisoners there. Some time ago the constable found a man lying groaning just under the window, where the bars were broken. He took hold of him, and found his leg was broken. In due time he was examined, charged with trying to escape. They found he was a tramp, but had not escaped at.

"How did you come to get there?"

"Judge, I fell from the widow."

"What were you doing at the window.

"Judge, I was trying to get into jail. It's so darned cold outside."

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Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

A Sincere Opinion.

"We talk of writing easily and dashing off impromptus; how say you if we should try it now? Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some knack of that work; and here are pens, ink, and paper ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu."

He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable wits assembled in the chief room of Will's Coffee-house (at that time their favorite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man in the prime of live, who stills lives in English history as Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor.

"Agreed!" cried the rest, with one voice; "and 'glorious John' here shall be our umpire."

The last words were addressed to a plump little man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting in a snug corner by the fire, and seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of threadbare black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was no other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation.

Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole six with paper and pen. But to the amazement even of those who best knew his ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs.

"You see now, gentlemen," said a laughing voice, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his impromptus ready beforehand."

"Thou canst rail at me for that, Jack," retorted that Earl, "for men say thou hast once written an 'impromptu' which took thee a month to compose."

The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had hardly taken time to glance over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All the other competitors looked surprised, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's effusion was found to run thus:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas—Dorset."

Farm and Garden Notes.

Squashes grow in very odd shapes at times.

It is an important item to keep the colts growing.

Corn is not only king, but it is the fodder of our country.

Brood mares and colts should not be made fat. A good thrifty condition is far better than extremes either way.

Nearly every farmer has something he can give away that will make a brother farmer somewhat richer—in experience.

One of the best absorbents of animal odors around the stable is dry dirt. Keep a supply on hand under cover ready for use when needed.

The successful gardner or florist must feed his plants all they can digest, and care for them as a stock-raiser would for his show animals.

Pile the coal ashes where they will be ready for use next spring among the currant bushes. That is, unless you take them each day to the hen house.

It costs no more to keep good fowls than poor ones. Therefore save your best pullets for season's breeders. Success depends as much upon good management as upon the breed.

Equal parts of clover hay and straw, either wheat or oats, together with a small quantity of bran, forms a food equal to the best timothy hay and at a cheaper rate.

Growing and breeding stock require food to develop bone and muscle rather than to fatten. Matured stock, on the contrary, should be given food of fattening properties.

An English naturalist says that if pans of water are kept in fruit and berry patches, the birds who eat the fruit only because of thirst, will take the water and leave the berries. It is surely worth trying.

Saltpetre—nitrate of potash—dissolved in soft water in the proportion of one half ounces to the gallon, is an excellent fertilizer for home plants. It furnishes potash and ammonia. Once a month is often enough to apply it.

Injury of Bandaging the Eyes.

The custom among physicians as well as the laity, of tightly bandaging or tying up the eye as soon as it becomes inflamed or sore, is a bad one. It precludes the free access and beneficial effects of the cool air, and at the same time prevents and greatly retards the free egress of the hot tears and morbid secretions of the inflamed conjunctiva or cornea or both. In those cases, too, where a foreign substace has got into the eye, the bandage (which is usually clapped on the first thing) presses the lids more closely against the ball, and thus increases the pain and discomfort by augmenting the lacerations caused by the foreign body. This cannot fail to be harmful. In those cases where the light is painful it is my habit to adjust over the organ a neatly fitting shade, which, while it excludes the light, allows the free access of air.

A WRITER in a Chinese paper asserts as a physiological fact that the Chinese lack the full complement of nerves that are possessed by Western people, or that their nerves are less sensitive than those of other races, and explains in this way the wonderful endurance of the Chinese, their impassiveness, and their ability to get along without bodily exercise.

THE Empress of Germany has sent to the Czarina a beautiful fan of polished wood, which, when opened, displays the portraits of the four sons of the Emperor William and herself. On the reverse side are Biblical texts in the handwriting of the Empress, which bid the great ones of the earth to be united in friendship.